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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Our Isadore.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Away from out the city,
Surrounded by a wood;
A simple whitewashed cottage
In humble beauty stood.
And there within a chamber,
With weak and gasping breath,
Our Isadore lay smiling
Upon her couch of death.

The forest leaves were silent,
The birds they sang no more;
All nature wept together
For darling Isadore.

Her cheeks had lost their roses,
Her eyes in death were set;
Her marble brow of whiteness
With sorrow's tears was wet;
Her hands were raised to heaven,
"O, mother dear," said she;
"Mourn not—for angel voices
Are speaking unto me."

The courts of heaven opened
And through the open door,
An angel, pure, departed
For the soul of Isadore.

Within a quiet valley
We laid her down to sleep,
And at the close of evening
We thither go to weep;
We plant the fading flowers
Upon her sculptured tomb—
Fit emblems of her beauty
And her untimely doom.

And e'en the breeze is silent,
The birds they sing no more.
And all nature weeps together
For the loss of Isadore.

Baltimore, Md.

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

FOURTH—JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MADISON, the fourth President of the United States, was born in Orange county, Virginia, on the 16th of March, 1751. In his youth he was favored with the instruction of a Scotchman by the name of Robertson, under whose faithful care that taste for elegant and classical literature was developed which marked his official career. He completed his preparatory studies under the oversight of Rev. Mr. Martin, and was graduated at Princeton College in 1771. He remained in college a year after receiving his bachelor's degree, that he might pursue his studies under charge of Dr. Witherspoon, between whom and himself a warm friendship sprang up, which lasted during the life of the doctor. When he left college and returned to Virginia, he did so with a shattered constitution, the result of over study. But such was his desire for knowledge, that he entered into the study of the law with great zeal, intending to make it his profession.

In this, however, Mr. Madison was disappointed—instead of a lawyer, he became a statesman. When scarcely twenty-five years of age, in the memorable year of 1776, he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Virginia. From this period, for more than forty years, he was continually in office, serving his state and his country in various capacities, from a member of the state legislature to the presidency of the United States. The year following he lost his election, it is said, because, while a candidate, his moral sense forbade his submission to the pernicious custom of "treating" the electors at the hustings.

In 1778, Mr. Madison was elected by the legislature to the executive council of the state, where he rendered important aid to Henry and Jefferson, governors of Virginia, during the time he held a seat in the council; and by his probity of character, faithfulness in the discharge of duty, and amiableness of deportment, he won the approbation of these great men. In the winter of 1779–80, he took his seat in the Continental Congress, and became immediately an active and leading member, as the journal of that body abundantly testifies. He continued to hold his seat in that august assembly of patriots until 1783.

In 1784, '5, and '6, Mr. Madison was a member of the legislature of Virginia. In 1787, he became a member of the convention held in Philadelphia for the purpose of preparing a constitution for the government of the United States. Perhaps no member of that body had more to do with the formation of that noble instrument, the "Constitution of the United States of America," than Mr. Madison.

It was during the recess between the proposition of the constitution by the convention of 1787 and its adoption by the states that that celebrated work, "The Federalist," made its appearance. This is known to be the joint production of Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison.—This same year he was elected to Congress, and held his seat until the Continental Congress passed away among the things that were. He was a member of the state convention of Virginia which met to adopt the constitution, and on the establishment of the new Congress under the constitution he was chosen a member, retaining his seat until the close of Washington's administration, in 1797.

In 1801, Mr. Jefferson succeeded Mr. Adams as president, and Mr. Madison had the pleasure of casting his vote for his illustrious friend as one of the electors. Mr. Jefferson immediately offered him a place in his cabinet, and he accordingly entered on the discharge of his duties as secretary of state, which duties he continued to perform during the whole of Mr. Jefferson's administration, and on the retirement of that great statesman he succeeded to his seat, in 1809. He held his seat during the war of 1812, and brought it safely to a glorious conclusion, when he resigned the sceptre into the hands of Mr. Monroe.

JAMES MADISON.

Mr. Madison now retired to his peaceful home in Virginia, where he passed the remainder of his days *in otium cum dignitate*, loved by the many, respected by all, until on the 28th day of June, 1826, the last survivor of the framers of our beloved constitution, and one of the most distinguished champions of American freedom, he gathered his mantle about him, and "laid down to pleasant dreams," in the full hope of the resurrection, and in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

From the funeral discourse by J. Q. Adams, we make the following interesting extract:—

This constitution, my countrymen, is the great result of the North American revolution. This is the giant stride in the condition of the human race, consummated in a period of less than one hundred years. Of the signers of the address to George the Third in the Congress of 1774—of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776—of the signers of the Articles of Confederation in 1781, and of the signers of the federal and national Constitution of Government under which we live, with enjoyments never before allotted to man, not one remains in the land of the living. The last survivor of them all was he to whose memory we are here assembled at once with mourning and with joy. We reverse the order of sentiment and reflection of the ancient Persian king—we look *back* on the century gone by—we look around with anxious and eager eye for one of that illustrious host of patriots and heroes, under whose guidance the revolution of American Independence was begun, and continued, and completed. We look a round in vain. To them this crowded theatre, full of human life, in all the stages of existence, full of the glowing exultation of youth, of the steady maturity of manhood, the sparkling eyes of beauty, and the grey hairs of reverend age—all this to them is as the solitude of the sepulchre. We think of this and say, how short is the human life! But then, *then*, we turn back our thoughts again, to the scene over which the falling curtain has but now closed upon the drama of the day, From the saddening thought that they are no more, we call for comfort upon the memory of what they *were*, and our hearts leap for joy, that they were our fathers. We see them, true and faithful subjects of their sovereign, first meeting with firm but respectful remonstrance, the approach of usurpation upon their rights. We see them, fearless in their fortitude, and confident in the righteousness of their cause, bid defiance to the arm of power, and declare themselves Independent States. We see them waging for seven years a war of desolation and of glory, in most unequal contest with their own unnatural step-mother, the mistress of the seas, till, under the sign-manual of their king, their Independence was acknowledged—and last and best of all, we see them, toiling in war and in peace to form and perpetuate a union, under forms of Government intricately but skilfully adjusted so as to secure to themselves and their posterity the priceless blessings of inseprable liberty and law.

Their days on earth are ended, and yet their century has not passed away. *Their* portion of the blessings which they thus labored to secure, they have enjoyed, and transmitted to *us*, their posterity. We enjoy them as an inheritance—won, not by our toils—watered, not with our tears—saddened, not by the shedding of any blood of ours. The gift of heaven through their sufferings and their achievements—but not without a charge of corresponding duty incumbent upon ourselves.

And what, my friends and fellow citizens—what is that duty of our own? Is it to remonstrate to the adder's ear of a king beyond the Atlantic wave, and claim from him the resto ation of violated rights? No. Is it to sever the ties of kindred and of blood with the people from whom we sprang? To cast away the precious name of Britons, and be no more the countrymen of Shakspeare and Milton—of Newton and Locke—of Chatham and Burke? Or more and worse, is it to meet *their* countrymen in the deadly conflict of a seven years' war? No. Is it the last and greatest of the duties fulfilled by them? Is it to lay the foundation of the fairest Government and the mightiest nation that ever floated on the tide of time? No!—These awful and solemn duties were allotted to them; and by them they were faithfully performed. What then is our duty? Is it not to preserve, to cherish, to *improve* the inheritance which they have left us—won by their toils—watered by their tears—saddened but fertilized by their blood? Are we the sons of worthy sires, and in the onward march of time have they achieved in the career of human improvement so much, only that our posterity and theirs may blush for the contrast between their unexampled energies and our nerveless impotence? between their more than Herculean labors and our indolent repose? No, my fellow citizens, far be from us, far be from you, for he who now addresses you has but a few short days before he shall be called to join the multitude of ages past—far be from you the reproach or the suspicion of such a degrading contrast. You too have the solemn duty to perform, of improving the condition of your species, by improving your own. Not in the great and strong wind of a revolution, which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord—for the Lord is not in the wind—not in the earthquake of a revolutionary war, marching to the onset between the battle field and the scaffold—for the Lord is not in the earthquake—not in the fire of civil dissension—in war between the members and the head—in nullification of the laws of the Union by the forcible resistance of one refractory State—for the Lord is not in the fire; and *that* fire was never kindled by your fathers! No! it is in the still small voice that succeeded the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire. The voice that stills the raging of the waves and the tumults of the people—that spoke the words of peace—of harmony—of union. And for that voice, may you and your children's children, "to the last syllable of recorded time," fix your eyes upon the memory, and listen with your ears to the life of JAMES MADISON.

A FRIGHTFUL SCOURGE.—Cholera has been raging in the northern part of Japan to a frightful extent. At Jeddo alone the deaths are reported at one hundred and fifty thousand in one month. Alissima and Odowara have also suffered greatly. The outbreak of this dreadful scourge so soon after the time the foreign embassies were at Jeddo, has led the people to attribute to them its introduction into their country, and superstition points to the coincidence as a punishment for opening Japan to foreigners. By the latest accounts the disease was less virulent.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Love's Pillow.

BY WANDERER.

Julia, oftimes upon thy heating bosom,
Weary I have sought repose;
And in thy true love have found the remedy
To heal those fest'ring wounds, my woes.

A smile of affection from thy truth-lit eyes,
Hath banished a tempest of care;
And pierced the storm-cloud with its bright amber beams,
So radiant, genial and fair.

On thy bosom, so responsively beating,
My aching brain hath ceased to pain,
As golden, gleaming visions of thy kindness
Have followed in affection's train.

Seems it strange to thee I in sleep should reveal,
When I've suffered, when I have been bless'd?
No, for no where else such a pillow I find
As my Julia's calm, throbbing breast!

I'd bid the tempest of trial defiance,
And heed not a deluge of care,
Could I lay my head on thy breast thro' the gale,
And rest ever peacefully there!

Newark, N. J.

The Night of Life.

There is a beautiful correspondence between the state of night and the character of our world. This world is to the Christians—

A NIGHT OF IGNORANCE.—Ignorance may be compared not only to the shades of evening, but the gloom of night. How limited is the knowledge of the most eminent believer of the world. Where is the individual to whom the challenge may not be given, "Cans't thou by searching find out God?" What mysteries veil the dispensations of his providence. Clouds and darkness are around about him. He moves in the whirlwind and rides upon the storm; his way is in the sea, and he treads not in the track of human fitness and propriety. Do not his dealings with us sometimes constitute an abyss, in which our minds are overwhelmed, and our thoughts drowned? Are there no truths in the bible which far exceed the grasp of our comprehensions, and transcend the loftiest conception of our minds? It is yet night with us.

A NIGHT OF IMPERFECTION. Imperfection will cleave to the believer till the day of eternity dawns. As our knowledge is imperfect, so are our graces, our faith, our love, and hope, and desires, and all the Christian graces. The work of the Spirit in our hearts is only in progress; much more remains to be done. Concerning everything connected with the Christian character, life, and experience, it may be said, it is, in part. Our joys, our consolations and our communions with God, are yet imperfect.

A NIGHT OF SORROW.—How many sources of sorrow continually occur to the believer. Here he sows in tears and goes forth weeping. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." The world is a sea of trouble, where one wave rolls incessantly on another. Let us be thankful that it is not an endless night. "The night is far spent," very far with some. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." But how has it been spent? Too often in murmuring, rather than praising. Let the Christian be thankful it is not total night with him. There are some glimmerings of light, some bright rays that foretell the dawning of the day. Let us therefore spend the remainder of the night in a manner that becomes us, as the expectants of a glorious immortality.—*Temple.*

Little minds, like weak liquors, are soonest soured.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

Obedience is one of those rare jewels seldom found in the human character—the tendency of our nature is directly contrary to it. "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth up." And wise is he, indeed, who learns to obey, but wiser still is that person who learns and practices obedience, allowing his earthly house to be ruled by a spiritual power, and is ever alive to the "still small voice" of wisdom.

Like the leaves in autumn which change from the rich green—so fresh and beautiful to the eye—into the brilliant scarlet, then to the deep, softening yellow, till they fall from the branches brown and rotten with death: so do "great men change!" The world has seen millions of beings with wreaths of *fame, glory, honor, wealth,* closely bound around their intellectual foreheads, pass from this battle of continual strife into the farther land beyond the river of Death—but few, very few, in comparison to the great mass of humanity, which, from the creation down, have trod earth's soil—has she seen leaving with the golden wreath of obedience bound to the soul. "What is obedience?" asks the inquiring mind, and the reply comes whispering to the heart, "It is to obey God's laws in preference to man's!"

The individual who practices the law of obedience forms a character so pure, so healthy,—humble though he may be in life—yet this character, when dissected by a critical knife held in the hand of some deep-skilled scholar of humanity's laws, as he searches to find some disease pertaining to the spiritual, he shakes his head and exclaims, "the law of obedience has conquered, this character is now so perfect that it is beyond the power of man to say one single word against it!" Such are the drifting thoughts that pass through my mind as I contemplate the wonderful character of Abraham.*

We are told that this ancient saint, the son of Terah, was born in Ur, a city of Chaldea, A. M. 2008, only two years after the death of Noah—though there were nine generations between them. "He descended from that patriarch in the line of Shem, upon whose family the promised blessing of giving birth to the Messiah appears to have been entailed by his father's prophecy, and was the tenth person from him in lineal descent."†

His history, says a distinguished writer of sacred literature, claims the attention of all christians, under two distinctive points of view: first, as the founder of the Jewish nation, God's peculiar people, who all descend from his loins, and are termed Israel after the flesh—secondly, as the father of the faithful, or head of the tribe, that innumerable company, consisting of both Jews and Gentiles who imitate, and are consequently made participators of that blessedness wherewith Abraham himself was blessed.‡

Another author also states an interesting fact concerning the country of Abraham, and though I may be wandering from the chief point of my theme, I trust I may be pardoned, as I deem it one worthy of notice:—Chaldea was inhabited by a pastoral people, who were almost irresistibly led to the study of motions of the heavenly bodies, by the peculiar serenity of the heavens in that climate, and their habit of spending their nights in the open air in tending their flocks, hence the rudiments of astronomy as a science are traced to this region.‖ Abraham had reached the age of one hundred years when the Lord promised unto him, a son borne by his wife Sarah, and shortly he was blessed with a boy whom he named Isaac. Abraham like all humanity had departed from the true faith; yet when God called unto him, he was obedient and believed sincerely what the Lord promised.

We may suppose it was in the full flush of fatherly affection—a feeling only, a parent can rightly weigh, when Abraham heard the Lord's command—"Abraham!" and he said, "Behold, here I am!" And God said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of." The next morning before the sun had sent his streaks of golden hue over the sky, in the dim tiny light of early day, ere the birds had begun to stir from their leafy homes, and no sound disturbed the hallowed stillness of the hour, Abraham had risen from his bed to do the bidding of his spiritual Master—risen with the feeling of obedience strongly engraven on his heart, ever conquering his earthly desire, that deep filial love, between parent and child, so elevating in its moral character, so God-like in its nature—causing as it does, every human chord to vibrate with a pleasure, when one looks upon his own—all a glow in the fresh purity of childhood, a season, when the child has all his elements of nature alive to the beautiful and comprehends nought of the sinful! when his pure soul looks to the parent with a love so full with gratitude, so overflowing with the milk of human kindness for the least attention. Ah, is it not an hour when the whole heart beats with electric pleasure as one sees his own life so free from the errors of this world beaming in the new-created youth.

Surely Abraham felt *all this*, and his human sufferings bowed him low with grief! He loved his only, his darling boy! but obedience to his God ruled him, and though sorely afflicted to the inmost recess of his heart, yet said he, "Thy will, not mine, be done, oh Lord!" He stepped to the resting-place of his boy who was sleeping peacefully, with innocence and beauty written upon his face, his soft breath fragrant and pure like the mild breeze of June, played over his sire's cheeks as he stooped to kiss the peach-like lips ere he should wake him to prepare for the journey which was to end in his sacrifice.

"Isaac, my son, awake! I would have thee journey with me"—and the boy smiled sweetly on his parent, as he said, "My father, I will soon be ready." Shortly was he stirring—all animated with the lively, yet solemn scene about him. He laughed and talked freely, and his golden curls froliced with the healthy beauty of his neck and face—his figure was elegant to look upon, so perfect, yet not beyond his years—and his eyes of dreamy blue sent a sunshine of purity over his intellectual face. He ran to his mother (Sarah) who was near by, and exclaimed so happily,

"Oh, my dear, *dear* mamma! I am going with father, give your darling a kiss, and think of me while I am gone—will you not, mamma?"

"Indeed I will, my dear child," replied his mother Sarah, "and may God protect and care for you!"

"Ah! how Abraham's heart throbbed as he listened to the parting of mother and son, and he groaned and said, "Thy will, not mine, oh Lord, be done!"

Soon were the asses saddled, and Abraham and his party journeyed towards mount Moriah. The boy saw everything in nature so beautiful, and would frequently exclaim, "Oh, papa! is this not delightful! How green the trees look! and what a charm the flowers have—do you not love them? Mamma always says she does!" But Abraham's heart was sad, he looked upon his child as his earthly idol, but his duty was before him, and he felt if he hoped for eternal life, he must obey.

It was early on the third day that Abraham "saw the place afar off," then said he to his young men, "Abide ye here with the asses, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship and come again to you." As they walked, Isaac spoke unto Abraham, saying, "My father"—and he said, "Here am I, my son," and the youth continued, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?"

And Abraham trembled, for his heart was sore afflicted, as he said, "God will provide himself a lamb, my son, for a burnt offering"—then were they silent.

They reached the spot where God had commanded Abraham to sacrifice his only son. Abraham built his altar and piled the wood upon it. Then he took Isaac and kissed him tenderly, saying, "God's will, not mine, you are the lamb, my beautiful boy!" and he bound him to the altar, and Isaac, in obedience to his father, only said, "Father, think of me when I am in heaven!" Abraham took the knife—he raised it, and the polished blade glittered in the rays of the sun, he turned his eyes from his boy, and in another moment—but ah! *precious moment! obedience* had conquered! and Isaac was yet to live.

"ABRAHAM! ABRAHAM!" said an angel from on high, and the knife fell to the ground, his knees knocked together, and his whole body trembled, huge drops of sweat rolled down his face, as he said,

"Here am I!"

And the angel said,

"Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine *only son*, from me." Then Abraham unbound his boy, and he kissed him and wept tears of joy, saying, "Truly, my son, thou art blest!" Then the angel again called unto him, saying, "By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son: that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."

*The father of many nations.

†See 9th chapter of Gen. 26 verse.

‡Romans, 2nd chap., 26, 29 v.: also, 9 chap. 4 to 8 v.

‖Edward's Religious Encyclopedia, page 17th.

THE TIMES. *May* 19.—Just previous to Count Sartiges leaving Washington, recently, he openly said, in conversation with two well known gentlemen of the State of New York, that if there should be a European war, as he believed, it would not be without embarrassment to our commercial relations, for the *right of search* would be *re-asserted and enforced.* This remark was made with emphasis. The respectability of the party from whom this information was received, leaves no doubt of its truth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE HOUSE-HOLD LIBRARY. Published by Delisser & Procter, New York.

This set of elegant little volumes cannot fail to become eminently popular with all classes of readers, and particularly with that class of individuals whose pecuniary resources are such as to preclude them from procuring the works of these authors, in the styles in which they have been heretofore published. The idea which has been developed in these volumes appears to be this,—To detatch from the collected works of different authors, authors of the first magnitude,—their best essays in Biography, and publish them in a neat and accessible form, and at a price that will place them within the reach of every body. In carrying out this idea, and which is a really noble one, the editor, Mr. O. W. Wight, a gentleman of talent and ability, began the series by extracting from M. Michelet's popular History of France his graphic account of The Life and Martyrdom of Joan of Arc, that wonderful woman, whose miraculous adventures remind us of nothing so much as the novelistic creations of the early romancers. But no romance that ever was written equals in interest, the history of this remarkable woman, for, while her life is equally as romantic, in many of its incidents and details as any romance, it enjoys the further merit of being a verity. This, with a brief and succinct account of the life of M. Michelet, the author, constitutes the first volume of the series.—The Life of Robert Burns universally conceded to be one of the ablest of Thomas Carlyle's essays, with a sketch of his life, composes the second volume of the series. Volume III, Life and Teachings of Socrates, from Grote's celebrated History of Greece. Vol. IV, Life of Columbus, by Alphonse de Lamartine, Vol. V, Life of Frederick the Great, by Macaulay. Vol. VI, Life of William Pitt, by Macaulay. Each volume is complete in and of itself, and in addition to containing the life of the subject which gives title to the volume, it contains a brief account of the author, so that the reader can form an acquaintance with the author as well as with the subject of the work. It were a needless task for me to dwell upon the comparative merits of these various works, or to say anything about their different authors. In a word they are the best Biographies of the subjects of which they treat, and written by the most eminent authors, that can be found anywhere. Many of these Biographies have never been published in this country before; and none of them in a separate form, so that this enterprise, while it is commendible in the extreme, also enjoys an air of originality, in plan. We most cordially commend these splendid little Volumes, which, for clearness, neatness and beauty of typographical execution, elegance of binding and convenience of size, are unsurpassed by any American publication. The first series is to consist of twelve volumes. The remainder of the series not yet published will consist of the Life of Mahomet by Gibbon, Life of Luther by Chev. Bunsen, Life of Cromwell by Lamartine, Life of Tasso by Wiffen, Life of Peter the Great by O. W. Wight, and the noless renowned Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The price is fixed of 50cts a volume or $5, for the sett sent by mail to any part of the U. S. under 3000, by the publishers free of postage on receipt of the price. Ye lovers of succinct and excellent biographies of great men by great authors fail not to procure this set of works.

THE LIFE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM VON STEUBEN, Major General in the Revolutionary Army. By Frederick Kapp, with an Introduction by George Bancroft. 1 vol. 800, New York; Mason Brothers.

The author of this work is a German both in kin and education and therefore pre eminently qualified to rightly appreciate the character of Baron Steuben, who occupied so conspicuous a place in our Revolutionary Army. He has done the Biographical literature of America a great service in the production of this work. When we take into consideration the many disadvantages and inconveniences under which a foreigner must necessarily labor and undergo in writing a book in a language other than his native tongue, we must certainly accord to Mr. Kapp the mead of praise of having produced, not only the first history of Steuben, but an admirable history of the excentric old Baron. It bears all the marks of German research, German patience, and German diligence—every little scrap that throws anylight upon the subject of his work, is here collected and put into its appropriate place. So far as patience, diligence, fidelity and accuracy are concerned, Mr. Kapp has acquited himself in a manner worthy of more celebrated historians; and the principal feature in which he is exceeded by our best historians is, in the point of style; yet the style of this work is good. Taken as a whole, it is a very valuable addition to our biographical literature, and will be read extensively, for we think the author some what in error, when he thinks the merits of the old Baron are not fully appreciated by the American people. We have not the space at our command or we would give a synopsis of this work; for we regard it as a meritorious performance and well desiring of commendation in strong terms. It is well "got out" and illustrated by a portrait of the "old Baron."

THE PILLAR OF FIRE; or Israel in Bondage. By Rev. J. H. Ingraham, author of "The Prince of the House of David." New York; Pudney & Russell.

There has not been a work published this season, that will acquire a greater popularity than this work; and this popularity will have a broad and firm basis, upon the intrinsic merits of the book.—We have read the book carefully, and with deep interest. How much soever readers and critics may differ from the learned author as to the proper standpoint from which such a work as this should proceed, or dissent from some of the views and arguments which the author has put forth, yet, it seems to us, that it cannot but be conceded that this is one of the ablest works, whose object is the elucidation, in a popular style, of one of the most important portions of the Old Testament, that has ever been produced. Since the flashing upon the minds of men of the light emitted by the science of Geology, confirming the Mosaic account of the Creation, no portion of the Old Testament has been more successfully elucidated than that portion which relates to the period when the Israelites were held in bondage by the Egyptian kings by the work under review. In treating of the bondage and deliverance of the Children of Israel from the Land of Egypt, the author has adopted the same popular style of treating his subject which he employed, with so much success, in his "Prince of the House of Daid;" i. e. the work is composed of a series of letters written, mainly, by Sesostris the son of the king and queen of Phœnicia, as though he were an eye witness to the scenes and events about which he wrote. This style, which we think not only allowable but commendable in this species of composition, gives the author much more latitude and an occasion for employing much more forceableness of expression than is afforded by the more ordinary modes of writing. The author is a gentleman of considerable literary eminence, having been before the public for many years as a successful romance-writer, for northern periodicals. We presume he has written several hundred tales and romances, all of which have enjoyed considerable popularity. Latterly, he has removed to Mississippi, and taken the Rectorship of Christ's Church, and of St. Thomas' Hall, it Holly Springs, and commenced the publication of a series of works of a religious character of which "The Prince of the House of David was the first and "The Pillar of Fire," the second, these two works will give the Rev. gentleman a far more desirable fame than all his many readable romances.—These two works, (which are independent of each other) are works of decided merit and are worthy of the extensive popularity which they are now enjoying in the Northern States. The title is so expressive of the subject of the work, that we deem it only necessary to speak of the manner in which the author has acquitted himself of his task. We need not commend the work, as every body almost, is reading and becoming delighted with it. It is well printed, and published in a style worthy of the merits of the work.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the words: the latter are only expressions of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane and vulgar word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence it will pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able, also, to control the mind, and save that from corruption.—Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female or the most religious man. Try this practice for a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

A QUEER OCCURRENCE.—A queer incident occurred in this place during the Odd Fellows celebration. It seems there was a calf, some two months old, confined in a lot close to the Methodist Church, and when Capt. Lucas' brass band commenced to play one of those soul stirring airs which always arouses to the highest pitch the feelings and passions of the human soul, the calf became intensely excited and began to dance and leap about and so continued to do as long as the music was kept up, until finally it became as it were frenzied by the excitement, and after making one or two tremendous bounds it fell and died instantly without a struggle.—*Chester, (S. C.) Standard.*

Death of Baron Humboldt.

The Canada brings us news of the death of the venerable Baron Von Humboldt, the great German naturalist and philosopher. The Baron was born in Berlin Sept. 14th, 1766, and was consequently in the ninetieth year of his age at his death. The Philadelphia American, in giving a sketch of his life, says:

Humboldt was of an ancient noble family, his father having been a high officer, and a favorite in the military service of Prussia, under Frederic the Great. His elder brother, William, born in 1767, attained great literary and political eminence in Germany, and indeed in all Europe, being at one time minister to England, and subsequently taking a strong stand as Minister of State for a constitutional government in Russia. This was in 1818 and 1819, at one of those periods which have opened with promise for liberal institutions in Germany, to close, so far, in reaction and misfortune. He attacked the despotic Carlsbad decrees of the German Diet of 1819 with extreme sharpness and severity, alarming Austria and the despotic party of all Germany, and for this course, in which he was supported by his brother Alexander, he was forced to retire from the ministry at the close of 1819. William died in 1835, having devoted his later years to history and literature.

During the twenty-five years since his elder brother's death, Alexander has received all the honors and testimonials of confidence from the people and government of Prussia, which were before that time divided between them. He has held the post of Privy Councillor of Prussia since 1829, and has continued to receive every testimonial of political and personal respect which the ruling family could confer. Though never taking the active part which his brother took on the liberal side, he has always testified his attachment to constitutional government. From the date of his first visit to the United States, in 1804, on his return to Europe from South America, he has omitted no opportunity to express his high regard for our institutions, as well as for our people, and in 1848 he was confidently looked to for support of the new order which the weakness of the republicans of Europe then failed to establish.

Humboldt spent two or three months in this city and Washington in the early part of 1804, a visit devoted, as he himself says, to the study of our political institutions. It is not an unwarrantable conclusion that the strong stand taken by both the brothers for constitutional government, a few years later in Germany, was the result of these investigations.—But Alexander Humboldt was never willing to exercise decisive political power, considering, probably, that he was represented by his brother in that department and that his favorite field of investigation in physical science was ample work for one mind. The foundation of his great final work, entitled the Kosmus, was laid in an extended course of lectures as early as 1827, and its peculiar character deserves a more extended notice than we have space for here.

There is a singular completeness and fulness in the life of Humboldt, which makes his death appear but as a slight change. Held in high and affectionate regard as he is, his admirers everywhere have become accustomed to the gradual attennation of his physical frame, without associating with him any idea of intellectual decay. In his library an imperishable statue should succeed to his personal presence, and every scene should be preserved unaltered, as a shrine to which lovers of nature may forever turn with reverence.

MEETING OF RAILROAD PRESIDENTS.—We learn from the Raleigh Standard that a meeting of the Presidents of the various Railroads in this State was held in that city last week, as suggested by the Board of Internal Improvements, to make suitable arrangements for the establishment of a system of through freights.—Among those present were Mr. Ashe, of the Wilmington and Weldon Road, Mr. Whitford, of the Atlantic and North Carolina Road, Mr. Fisher, of the North Carolina Road, and Mr. Pearson of the Western North Carolina Road.

His Excellency Gov. Ellis, President *ex-officio* of the Board of Internal Improvements, was also present. The Standard says:

"We learn that important arrangements and regulations were agreed upon, after full consideration; and that the officers of the Roads evinced every disposition to conform to the suggestions of the Board of Internal Improvements, and thus afford to the public and to business men all practicable dispatch and convenience in the transportation of articles.

Those men talk most who are in the greatest mental darkness; frogs cease their croaking when a light is brought to the water's side.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 20th, '59.

Excitement about the war—Probable Re-assertion of the "Right of Search"—Visit of Boston Masons to Richmond—Conviction of Hutchins—Death of Mrs. F. S. Key—Parade of Sunday Schools—Rain.

Little else is talked of here excepting the war news, of which every steamer from Europe brings a fresh but unsatisfactory scrap. The sympathy of Americans seems generally to lie with Sardinia and the French; but it is said that bands of Germans are being formed in most of our principal cities who, out of hatred to Louis Napoleon will recross the Atlantic and enlist in the Austrian service. It is now rumored that the French Minister here has intimated to our government that, in the event of a protracted war, the long disputed "right of search" may be again re-asserted by European powers. This would probably drag the United States into the quarrel; for it is now very certain that such a right will never be recognized, so far as it applies to American vessels.

Two commandories of Knights Templars from Massachusetts, numbering about two hundred and fifty Knights, and accompanied by two fine bands are stopping to night in our city, having just concluded a visit to their brethren in Richmond Va.

On Saturday last in our Criminal Court, Hilary Hutchins was convicted of the murder of John Ennis. His counsel have moved for a new trial but the Court has not yet decided to grant it.

The widow of F. S Key, well known as the author of the "Star spangled banner" died in Baltimore on Wednesday She was the mother of the late District Attorney who was shot by Mr. Sickles.

The annual parade and celebration of the Sunday Schools of the Metropolis took place last Monday and was quite an imposing affair.

The weather this week has been very rainy; so much so as to prevent the usual semi-weekly promenade concerts of the Marine Band. Q

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. May 23rd, '59.

War in Italy and its results—Court week, good news for greens, spirited proceedings—Two of the original panel gone—A curiosity.

Dear Times: Again the fierce demon of war has sounded his note of destruction over the fair plains of Italy and summoned forth his black array to spread fire and blood, pillage and carnage over territories, where the spirit of peace would fain make her home forever. The spots thus desecrated by the insane fury of hostile armies have long been not only some of the most beautiful the earth can boast, but many a time have they been sung in choicest strains, described and depicted by the best efforts of authors and painters. Who has not heard of Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil, and Oremona and Verona, Turin, Genoa, Piaceza and Alexandria—then Como, Sago, Maggiore and di Garda, brilliant stars, every one, to which fond memory often strays, and where the eye ever delights to linger; in this same section too is laid the scene of one of the most remarkable of modern novels, "I Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni; the author's delineations are true to the letter and the identical ones can yet be witnessed there, daily polluting the calmn serenity of that blessed clime. The triumphant heel of the conqueror and the flying footsteps of the vanquished have often been impressed on this yielding soil and how among this rosy cluster of names, like serpents among flowers, grimly gleam those of Lodi, Marengo, Austerlitz and Novara.

It is more than probable that ere this the two originators of the strife, Austria and Sardinia, have measured their might, one against the other, and we venture to assert, that whatever may have been the fate of the day, the free born sons of the hills have not dimmed the lustre of their ancient fame. The most tremendous efforts will be put forth certainly by France and Austria; both the emperors are to command their forces on the field of battle, in person, and we congratulate ourselves with the idea that the despotism, the dark and slavish vassalage of Austria will be shaken off the neck of down-trodden Italy. Napoleon has suffered too much from Austria ever to forgive her; his cup of bitterness, from her hand, is too deep ever to allow him to forget his mortification. Four times victorious France, sword in hand, has dictated terms at the gates of Vienna, and Louis Napoleon is not the man to tarry on that road, or to shrink back from the obstacles which may beset his path. Both these men have an immense interest at stake, and the struggle will be too violent to be lasting, still we cannot but hope that the Hand of God, which we humbly recognize in this commotion, will yet bring lasting good out of seeming ill, and that we may see the Papacy reformed, Naples renovated, Austria humbled and Italy free.

This last week our County Court was in Session, and, as most usually happens, we were blessed with an abundance of rain; many a long legged collard and spindly potato was transplanted from its parent bed and is now "doing as well as could be expected," under the circumstances, in its new location. We should have been bad off for greens in these "diggins," but for these latter rains; "garden sass," green peas included, had grown just about as much as they intended to do and were withering and drying up, when the blessed showers came to their relief; now all sorts of greens have taken a fresh start and we think our prospect a good one for something to eat.

Court took a recess one morning to allow the citizens, who were so inclined to attend "the opposition meeting;" we learn that the attendance was quite large and influential, embracing a number of Democrats—The resolutions passed by the meeting are moderate and conservative and, at the same time, very firm and decided, such as any plain honest man could vote for. We like to see "pluck" and spirit in any man or on any occasion; let a man have his conscientious opinions, be "sure he's right, then go ahead;" "sink or swim, survive or perish" stand by the right and strike down the wrong whenever you meet it; tho' you seem to stand alone there is a Power above, watching and aiding you. We never did believe in "giving up;" and for this reason, among others, we admire the good old Whig Party; tho' often most disastrously defeated, they still cry "no surrender" and they are bound "to be in at the death" yet. Those are great fellows, over the border in Va., they will strike a blow soon that will be heard thro' the length and breadth of the Union; even those opposed to them must admire their energy in fighting, as they do, with such odds against them: whatever their lot we say, "God defend the right."

And this reminds us to Chronicle the fall of one of the most true hearted Whigs of the day, "old Jack Ligon," of Wake Forest; now he was a patern for a man to love or hate by; he absolutely loved Mr. Clay and adored him more than any earthly being or heavenly either, for that matter, and hated Democracy a vast deal more than he did sin or whiskey. Poor fellow he will never talk Clay doctrine again. Johnston Busbee Esq., long Chairman of the Court and one of the oldest and most respected of our Magistrates died the same morning and Court immediately adjourned in respect to his memory; he was also most ardent Whig.

We were kindly invited a day or two since to see a most wonderful floral curiosity, "The Dragon's tongue" and certainly if the veritable Dragon had a similar throat, it was a task worthy of St. George's prowers to meet and overcome him. This monster presents a wide throat some ten or twelve inches long, from the gorge of which protrudes a lurid pistil eight inches long and four in circumference, running down to a oint; the curious spectator is warned to keep at a safe distance, by a decided perfume, closely allied to that of carrion.

Yours truly, P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

CLAVERACK, N. Y., May 12, 1859.

Dear Times:—Thinking perhaps a letter from my unworthy pen may be received or admitted into your columns (in one of course which a regular contributor's manuscript came too late to fill,) I propose to offer one, attempting a description of my trip from Murfreesborough, N C., to Claverack, N. Y., and as this is the first letter for the public eye that has ever emenated from me, I trust that the "veil of charity" may be thrown over all its imperfections by those who may chance to read it. With such indulgence I will proceed at once to a description of my trip. Amid the kind wishes, tears, and sighs of friends and relatives, I left my beautiful home in the sunny south, April 18th. Accompanied by a dear father and travelling companion, Emma, the panting steed bore us on until in the distance we caught sight of the "iron horse," puffing out, in sonorous streams, volumes of smoke, at each breath enveloping but more deeply the surrounding foliage—then Spring's first offering—in a cloud of dusty blackness, making the scene quite a fair resemblance of the back-ground of some fine painting. Soon we mounted—our happy trio—and oh, dear! with what electric speed did the train bear us on to the next stopping point. Indeed, all without seemed blended in one chaotic mass, leaving nothing scarcely distinguishable in form, and before we were hardly conscious of the space gone over, we found ourselves in Norfolk. The weather being excessively warm for the season, rendering the atmosphere in the crowded, pent up car almost suffocating, it was quite a pleasant and desirable transition from that to a large, comfortable apartment, in which the pure air freely moved, and thought was not suppressed. There we lay over till next day noon, when the most trying time of my trip, thus far, came—to bid farewell to my father. The parting from home and the loved ones there was even more tolerable, since I had not fully realized the distance, and familiar faces greeted me all along my journey till then—but oh! when the truth flashed upon my mind in all its bitter reality, that I must tear myself away from all that's near and dear to me by the ties of nature and association,—yield myself up to the cold mercies of strangers, and perhaps encounter a storm on the treacherous ocean, or find my last resting place in the caverns of the deep,—conflicting emotions of hope and despair filled my frame. I spoke not, but hung on the neck of my parent and wept as sensitive hearts alone can weep.—Doubtless many of you, my readers, can better imagine the sensation than I can describe it, and I will forbear to say more of this portion of my trip, as it was the saddest of all, lest it should again recall the feelings which memory reluctantly cherishes still.

The sail from Norfolk to New York city was delightful. The accommodations aboard the noble steamer Jamestown, which is of itself a floating palace, are adapted to the taste of even the most fastidious, consequently I've no fault to find of the fare of the fairy-like thing. Fortunately for me I was not at all troubled with sea-sickness, though the boat rolled considerably and the dashing billows often broke in fury against the ship, and in vain did I strain my optics for a glimpse of Milton's "fair eyed, blue haired nymphs," not one deigned to show herself. I can perhaps better picture my emotions while "rocked in the cradle of the deep" in an apostrophe to the Ocean in broken rhyme, written while witnessing the scene;

Roll on, Roll on, thou mighty Ocean,
Dash thy foaming billows high;
If my body sleep beneath them
My soul immortal, can not die.
On thy majesty and grandeur,
While with Neptune Boreas rise,
I can look with admiration,
Since the soul can never die.
To the music of thy waters
Awful, solemn, grand, sublime;
I can list, with sweet composure—
Jesus rules the winds and tide,
While the trembling vessel totters,
Faith points upward to the sky
"Peace be still," is sweetly uttered,
As it was in days gone by;
As I write the thought comes to me,
That the dear ones, now at home,
Think of me with fear and sadness,
While I brave the Ocean's foam.
But be calm, my fondly loved ones,
Hope in silvery strains repeats,
"Absence ink true hearts the closer,
You and they again will meet."
A mightier God, than fabled Neptune,
Holds the trident in his hands—
Naught above, and naught below Him
Dares to thwart His just commands—
Jesus; O, my precious Soviour;
Grant my faith may ever be
Strength'ning strength'ning ever strength'ning,
'Till it leads me safe to Thee.

Never was I more impressed with power, wisdom and goodness of Omnipotence, and never was my faith stronger or more steadfast in His promises, than when the above lines were written.—As I gazed out upon the broad expanse of water before me; the blue sky above me; and the frail bark surrounding me; I thought of Creative Wisdom, with emotions, at once elevating and humiliating, and from the depth of my soul, I was forced to exclaim, "O Lord how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all."

As it was cloudy both night and morning, while I was on the Ocean, I missed the majestic scene, of sunset and sunrise at sea; and the fun of hearing, as the ancients used to imagine they did, the hissing of the waters as the sun went to bed. I remained on deck, with my friend E. and two warm hearted, *southernised* northerners (with whom I had the good luck to scrape acquaintance the evening before) watching with delight the snowy billows chasing each other, until the delicate circles of their receding waves were lost in the distance—was still there, but with my mind somewhat, I may say wholy diverted from Oceanic scenes for a time, by the busy, bustling good-natured, go a head manner, in which the yankees attend to business, when the bell announced our arrival at the metropolis, where the ship scenery, surpassed anything of the kind I had ever seen before. Convepiences for water travelling (if I may use the term) of all kinds, from the small craft, that gently skims the surface, to the largest ships that plow the mighty deep, were to be seen. We made no stop in the city at all; but in our passage from the Jamestown to the Hudson boat, I must confess, I felt no slight trepidation, for notwithstanding we were in a close carriage, accompanied too, by a very respectable species of the genus homo, yet for the life of me, I could not avoid expecting every moment to be crushed beneath the wheels of the vehicles or the feet of the horses, which thronged, to a complete "jam" that comparatively private pass way.

We however succeeded, after halting a dozen or more times on our way, in reaching with whole limbs and sound necks, the Rip Van Winkle, which by the way, does not partake much of the lethargy of the dozy old dutchman, after whom I presume it is called; abroad of which we had a most delightful time till ten, next morning, when we arrived at Hudson City—quite a large and finely situated town, on the banks of the river, whose name it bears. The views, along the boards of this noble stream, are surpassingly grand and picturesque, but the evening being unfavorable, and "winter still lingering in the lap of Spring," thus robbed nature of half her charms. Art has not done half so much to beautify that section, as it might have done, else the scenery, would be far more famed than it is. The buildings, many of which are splendid specimens of architecture, would show to a much better advantage, if a little more care and attention were bestowed upon the grounds surrounding them, such as the cultivation of flowers, shrubbery, &c &c., After laying over in Hudson City some hours, we took passage on the cars to this place, and though I find myself hundreds of miles away from home, sweet home and the dear ones there, around whose memories so many tender recollections cling,—yet I feel not to murmur, while christian hearts find kindred joys in commingling while pleasant prospects greet me in this stranger land; and while "the hope of return takes the sting from adieu." With the warmest wishes for the success of your excellent paper I subscribe myself,

Yours most Respectfully,
"ECHO."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC—MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. II.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D., OF GA.

After all I have said in my first article about Oliver Dietson & Co., of Boston, and their excellent Music, there may be many readers who would like to have me name some of their very interesting publications. With all my heart good friends; for as a friend of mine said to me in a letter, "I love every body that loves Music," and I wish to add to your happiness and enjoyment as much as possible.—Well, here is a pretty book entitled

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND; MUSIC AND WORDS.

What heart has not thrilled at the sound of Scotia's lute-strings touched by the weird fingers of her minstrels, male and female from the days of Bruce and Wallace till this very hour? Here we have the songs of James Hogg, (The Ethrick shepard) Allan Ramsay, Tannyhill, and the immortal Robert Burns, with many by less noted writers, but not perhaps less beautiful, all set to the very aris that have so long cheered every Scotish spirit from John O'Groat's House to the British border, and been borne on every breeze or, every sea—on every land beneath the sun where enlightened civilized men and women have roamed or rested. How often are these tunes, and these songs, alluded to in our books and Journalistic writings! And yet how few persons have any thing like a satisfactory collection of them! Weems tells us that the last tune played, when Gen. Washington disbanded our Revolutionary army, was the "mournful air of *Roslin Castle.*" Here, in this book, is the tune, with a song so beautiful that I am tempted to quote it, but forbear, expecting that every reader who can muster up 50 cents worth of postage stamps (50 is the price of the book) will send, and get it for himself.

In the caption of Francis Hopkinson's song, "The battle of the Kegs," we read, "*Tune*, Maggie Lander'" Here is that very tune.

But to cut this mater short, let all my readers send 50 cents and see what may be got for it. We would append the table of contents but for its length. But we will stand the reader's security that he will be well pleased with his purchase.

State Educational Association.

Programme of the business of the fourth Annual Meeting.

The Meeting will be held, as already announced, in Newbern, beginning at 8 o'clock, on the evening of Tuesday the 14th of June.

On that night an address will be delivered by Prof. F. M. Hubbard, of the University—and on the same, or next day there will be a Lecture by Rev. W. H. Doherty, President of Graham College, the lecturer addressing himself especially to Common School Teachers, and accompanying his remarks with interesting experiments in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

There will also be read an Essay on Female Schools, by Mrs. Delia W. Jones; and reports will be made on Normal and Mixed Schools, on the Educational Statistics of the State, on the Progress of Common Schools, and on the N. Carolina Journal of Education.

It is expected that the principles of Normal and of Mixed Schools, or Schools where the sexes are educated together, will be discussed; and other questions of interest to the friends of general education will be brought to the attention of the Association.

Immediately after the adjournment of the Association, all delegates and visitors who desire it, will be taken on an excursion to the Ocean at Beaufort.

At Morehead City, the Terminus of the Atlantic Rail Road, the Steamer, Caldwell, with a deputation of ladies and gentlemen from Beaufort, will receive the excursionists and carry them to Fort Macon where there will be a Pic-Nic or Collation.

In the evening the Party will be carried to Beaufort where an address will be delivered.

Delegates and visitors will be carried to Beaufort and returned, by the Atlantic and N. C. Rail Road at half the usual fair; and all the Rail Roads of the State will carry delegates to the Association, Male and Female, at half the Regular prices.

All who attend the Meeting and join the Association will be entitled to certificates as regular delegates.

C. H. WILEY,
C. C. COLE,
J. D. CAMPBELL, } *Exec. Com.*

Papers in the State, friendly to the cause of Education, will confer a favor by publishing the above card.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Thos. J. Wilson, Esq., Winston, N. C., May 17th, 1859 by Rev. N.H. D. Wilson, DAVID R. LEAK, Esq., of Germanton, and Miss FLORA WILSON.

At Davidson College, by Prof. Rockwell, on the 17th inst., Mr. JAMES F. ALEXANDER, to Miss MARTHA McGINNIS, all of Mecklenburg.

In Friends Meeting at New Garden, on Wednesday, the 4th of May, 1859, HARPER F. STUART, of Guilford County, N. C., to Miss MOLLIE A. STALKER, of the same place.

At Union Cross, Forsyth, on the 14th of May, by J. J. Raper, Esq., Mr. A. G. POPE, to Miss E. M. M. HINSHAW, both of Guilford Co.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 7.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	70.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, ...$5.00

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!

WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY
One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.
For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12::6m.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guarantied to such.
For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS. A PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE, with real estate, in a pleasant village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from, **$2000 to $2,500** a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician.
Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15::tf.

WE have just printed, on a very good article of Fool's Cap, general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of

Blank Warrants,	Ca Sa Bonds,	Affidavits,
Writs,	Executions,	Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust,	Witness Tickets,	Juror Tickets,
Land Entries,	Subpœnas,	Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions,	Writs to sell Land,	&c., &c.

Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
☞ For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
COLE & ALBRIGHT.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, May 28, 1859.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, S. J. C. WHITTLESEY, MARY W. JANVRIN, WILLIE E. PABOR, INA CLAYTON, C. G. DUNN, ANNA M. BATES, GRACE MILWOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, ED. ST. GEO. COOKE, Mrs. C. HUTCHINS, GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD, Mdm. O. W. LEVERT Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, CHARLES E. W. DOBBS, H. A. DWIGHT, J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

Tennyson.

The office of the English Poet-laureate, though it has lost much of its old honor by the tenure of such men as Colley, Cibber and Whitehead, is still an ennobling station in the circle of literary fame. It demands from the aspirant an exalted poetic taste, and a readiness to struggle with untiring zeal in the lists of the intellect.

The Poet-laureate is not necessarily the *national* poet. He is, strictly speaking, the champion of the sovereign and the court—the poet of royalty and of royalty alone. The time was when the court gave the tone in letters as it now does in politics. But the advance in popular intelligence, the diffusion of education, and the influence of that great democratizer of mind, printing, have modified the influence of the monarch, in the realm of thought, and placed the greatness to the rivals for the throne of Apollo upon the impartial basis of their own intellectual vigor. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the choice of the sovereign is that of the people; and the court poet certainly has a rare opportunity to conciliate the affections and the applause of the Nation. The present Queen has been most fortunate in the selection of her poetic mouthpiece. Mr. Tennyson possesses the prirlege of being the representative of the Court, but he is better known as the inaugurator of a new school of thought which has found many eminent disciples in his own country and in this. He is, if our view be correct, the controlling spirit of English poetry in its present phrase. He, more than any other writer, has contributed to produce the extraordinary change in the poetry of Great Britain, which strikes the most casual observer, and which offers so striking a contrast to the scholastic measure and mocking cynicism of the Byronian school. Wordsworth endeavored to combat the spirit of the age which was rapidly making every writer believe himself accursed of God, and investing every poem with the unnatural tendencies of a despairing flippancy. But Wordsworth, too profound for the class that most needed the reformation, could interpose by his majestic thoughts, but a feeble obstacle to the progress of the infection. Laras still darkly muttered their woes in verse, and the intrigues of innumerable Don Juans in rhyme and prose still loaded the shelves of the successors of Murray and the publishers of the Strand. It was at this period that Mr. Tennyson boldly threw himself in the conflict and staked his fame upon an opposition to one, who, however glorious as a poet, exerted no influence upon the mind and morals of his age, that was not deleterious and corrupting.

The youthful Bard brought to the task an earnest nature, an exuberant but chaste imagination, a love of virtue, for virtue's sake, and a purity of style, without its counterpart in the language. With none of the mysticism of Wordsworth he appealed to the people in words which they could readily understand. He endeavored to bring back poetry into that channel of nature and of morality, from which the powerful but perverted intellect of one man had so long diverted it. The experiment was a hazardous one for himself. For a long time it seemed that the old fable of the earthen and the iron pot was to have a modern application; but his singleness of aim at length triumphed, and the revolution was accomplished. The mind no longer assumed to mourn over tortures of the heart, that had never been felt; the heart once more was heard to speak aloud in its own behalf; the dogmas of an intellectual perversion, redeemed only by the splendor with which they had been expressed, were now shamed into silence. Relieved of the noxious night-shade that had so long blighted its healthful growth, poetry received a fresh impetus; and the new school soon reaped a plenteous harvest of the nobler and more generous sentiments of the soul.

Mr. Tennyson is the modern Ariosto. A substratum of heart underlies all his works. There is a frankness and a perfect sincerity in all that he writes; and it would almost seem that the poet himself in presenting his conception of the true Bard and his lofty destiny had recognized something within akin to his *beau ideal*, so staunch a friend of all right is he, so firm a foe to insidious or open wrong, so

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

We do not remember to have seen any account of the poet as he moves in the world around him, but we are sure that his heart is noble, his affections deep, and his humanity catholic and expanded. Neither Burns nor La Fontaine possessed a finer sense of the delights of the home circle, or had the breast more open to the refreshing dews of a universal charity. Mr. Tennyson is essentially a writer of the feelings. In him the imagination is subordinate to the heart, and its gorgeous hues are freely given to clothe the hopes and longings of its director. This predominance of the feelings, (which must be distinguished from the passions,) has given him a power and an effectiveness in pathos which often remind us of the tender touches of Lamb. The "May Queen" is no whit inferior to the "Child Angel," or "Dora" less touching than "old familiar faces."

It may be objected to Mr. Tennyson that he is at times unequal, vague, splendidly unintelligible; he may here and there enshroud himself in a mistiness which it requires some thought to clear away; it might even sometimes be difficult to follow his spirit through its brilliant wanderings; but no meretricious love of display, no straining for effect forces him to transcend the limit either of moderation or modesty. The reader sees an earnest nature reveling in its own creations and occasionally losing its independence and becoming the slave of its own imaginings; but he does not see a poet coldly master of himself, endeavoring to delude others into a belief of the sincerity of his frenzy. In this lies one of the great elements of contrast between Byron and the present Laureate. Byron never did himself the grievous wrong of forgetting his own individuality. If we admire his works, we cannot possibly escape from, according to the author, a share of our admiration. Mr. Tennyson happily relieves his readers from such a division of respect. Even in his apparently most selfish work, the "In Memoriam," the sacred offices of friendship seem to be rendered less by the writer than by a third person. All is unselfish, unindividualized, unaffected. The difference between the two seems to be that Byron could never separate his feelings from himself, while Tennyson is content to daguerreotype the images that pass through his brain without being ambitious to add the artist to the collection. The former never moves the puppets without giving a glance at himself; the latter never mars the pleasure of the audience by betraying the operator. Byron describes himself. Mr. Tennyson paints his feelings.

Greensboro Female College Commencement.

The exercises connected with the Annual Commencement of Greensboro Female College were held in the College Chapel last week, and notwithstanding the almost incessant falling of rain, quite a large concourse of visitors were drawn to our town.

The examinations of the various classes were made the week previous privately, in the presence of a committee appointed by the Trustees. One of the Committee remarked in our hearing that the examinations were very rigid, and the young ladies acquitted themselves with much credit.

On Wednesday at 11 o'clock, Rev. L. L. Hendren, of the North Carolina Conference, preached the Annual Sermon.—His subject was the superiority of the Scriptures, as compared to other knowledge. The Sermon was well-studied and we listened to it with a great deal of satisfaction. Its enforcement was especially appropriate, and we doubt not will be promotive of much good.

The Concert was given by the young ladies Wednesday night, and the verdict of some, whose opinions we heard pretty freely expressed, and to whose taste we give precedence, was, that the Concert was most creditable to all, the taste of the Faculty and the execution of the young ladies.

Thursday was devoted cheifly to the graduating exercises. We append the names of the young ladies of the graduating class, together with the subjects of their compositions:

Salutatory Addresses—Miss S Ilie A. Purvis, Wilkesborough.

Life on the Ocean Wave—Miss Bettie Chadwick, Newbern.

Self Interest Rules the World—Miss Julia Miller. Kinston.

Heaven from all Creatures Hides the Book of Fate—Miss Emily C. Mullen, Hertford.

Unwritten Music—Miss Sophronia A. Lindsay, Ansonville.

What Hero like the Man who Dares to Meet his Naked Heart Alone—Miss Maria C. Gray, Randolph.

Too low they Build who Build beneath the Stars—Miss Nellie Whitehead, Pitt.

It might have Been—Miss Martha C. Winbourne, Greensborough.

Good Actions crown Themselves with Lasting Boys—Miss Mary A. Rhodes Greensborough.

Non Omnia Possumus Omnes—Miss Jane A. Johnson, Davie.

Silent Cities—Miss Mattie L. Turner, Hertford.

I Count only The Hours that Shine—Miss Louisa E. Mitchell, Wilcox, Ala.

The rose Imparts its Fragrance to the Leaf in which it is Folded—Miss Angela D. Hathaway, Hertford.

Night brings out Stars—Miss Nettie Mullen, Hertford.

Valedictory Addresses—Miss Alla D. Clary, Wilkesborough.

We heard the reading of two or three of these compositions, and for beauty of diction and excellency of enunciation, they were especially fine. The noise of the rain and size of the room prevented many from hearing, but it is fair to judge them all by those we heard.

Hon. E. G. Reade, who had consented to deliver the Literary Address before the two societies, was detained at home by family indisposition. By pressing invitation of the young ladies, Rev. Dr. Deems consented to fill the time by an extempore address. And all who know the ready wit of Dr. Deems, together with his mind of quick and rapid perceptions, are prepared to agree with us that the treat was racy, pleasant and exceedingly entertaining. Dr. Deems is a gem in any company ever ready to reflect his genial rays of varied learning without renewed polishing.

Upon the presentation of the diplomas and Bibles, Rev. President Jones delivered a most practical address, in which some of the wrong ideas prevailing in reference to the proper education of young ladies, were noticed in a most appropriate and impressive manner. Young ladies educated with such ideas are superior, and much better adapted to the accomplishment of the proper objects of life.

We cannot close our very brief account of these exercises, without paying a tribute to the gallery of paintings. It may be considered fulsome praise to pronounce it the most beautiful gallery of paintings we ever saw, yet there was that exquisitely delicate finish about them, and that natural standing out so life-like, we could not help ardently admiring them. Prof. Frerisch is an artist of acknowledged and extended reputation, and his connection with the College gives much standing to the Institution.

We learn that the trustees appropriated money for the purchase of additional apparatus and for the improvement of the college grounds. Also that commencements hereafter are to be held on the second Thursday in June, to enable the Faculty to give four week's vacation in the winter.

MAXIMS FOR MARRIED WOMEN.—A young lady being on the point of marriage, applied to a young friend for a set of rules to guide her in her new condition. The following were presented to her in reply:

"1. Avoid all thoughts of managing your husband.

2. Never try to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him any uneasiness, but treat him with affection and respect.

3. Remember, that husbands, at best, are only men, subject, like yourselves, to error and frailty. Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourself happiness without alloy.

4. Should you discover anything in your husband's humor or behavior, not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over. Smoothe your own temper, and try to mend his, by attention, cheerfulness and good nature.

5. Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of human life, a burden that each has engaged to help the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed; but instead of murmurings and reflections, divide the sorrow between you, make the best of it, and it will be easier to both.

6. It is the office of the softer sex to smoothe the troubles of the other.

7. Resolve every morning to be cheerful that day, and if any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband.

8. Dispute not with him; but rather deny yourself the trifling satisfaction of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel or create a heart-burning, which it is impossible to see the end of.

9. Implicit submission in a man to his wife, is ever disgraceful to both; implicit submission in a wife, to the just will of her husband is what she promised at the altar—what the good will revere her for, and what is, in fact, the greatest honor she can receive.

10. Be assured, a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest, by all possible means, to preserve and increase.

11. Enjoy with him his satisfaction, share and soothe his cares; and with the utmost assiduity, conceal his infirmities.

12. If you value your own, and your husband's ease, let your expenses and desires be ever within reach of his circumstances; for if poverty should follow, you must share the evil.

13. Be careful, never to give him any cause of jealousy.

14. Let not many days pass without serious examination into your conduct as a wife, and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any foibles or omissions, the best atonement is to be more careful in the future.

SENATOR CLINGMAN.—A foreign correspondent of the New York Tribune says:

"Mr. Clingman, who arrived in England by the Arabia on the 2nd instant, suffered so much from sea-sickness, that he has been exceedingly feeble since his landing, and he informed me that he still constantly experiences a nausea resembling that produced by the motion of a vessel. Not a little discomfited was the Senator on arriving at Paris. He had procured from Mr. Cass despatches for Minister Mason, in the confident expectation of passing through the customs unannoyed. On arriving at the Paris station he remarked to his *compagnon de voyage*, 'I'll wait while they examine your trunks, which, I suppose, will require a considerable time.' The *douanier*, however, merely opened and shut Mr. H.'s trunks, while Mr. Clingman suffered the vexation of seeing his own baggage ransacked, almost every article being dragged from his trunk. The great despatch, with its ocean of sealing-wax, lying ostentatiously at the top of the honorable gentleman's packing, had only served to whet the curiosity or the suspicions of the custom officer."

Dr. Tomlinson Fort, of Milledgeville, Ga, is dead. He was formerly a member of Congress, and a distinguished medical practitioner, widely known and universally esteemed.

William Luckey, a citizen of Greene county, Georgia, was killed by one of his negroes on the 12th instant.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I wish Some Body'd Come.

BY MATILDA.

The flowers are blooming on the lawn,
As bright as they can be,
And every thing is full of life
And happiness but me.
The flowers look very dull to-day,
They are shadowy like my dreams,
And very lonesome seems to me
The sunlight's golden gleams.
As for the birds, I heed them not,
They had as well be dumb—
They can not charm my soul to-day—
I wish some body'd come!

I take my knitting in my hand,
My knitting case and all,
But, oh, my needles one by one,
Keep running through my ball.
And yonder on the stairs untouched,
My needful sewing lies;
But it would be a useless task
To try to use my eyes.
And gently slips my knitting down,
Unnoticed from my thumb;
'Tis vain for me to try to work—
I wish some body'd come.

I've tried my music and my books,
I've tried them o'er and o'er;
But, pshaw! I can not see my notes,
My eyes keep wandering so.
Unanswered notes before me lie—
I'll count them: one, two, three,
And here are letters for me too,
But what are they to me?
My books are stale, my music sounds
Discordant as a drum;
My voice is very hoarse to-day—
I wish some body'd come.

The sun is setting in the West,
And twilight deepens now.
And night comes forth, an ebon queen,
With jewels on her brow.
The cat lies puring on the hearth,
The bell has rang for tea
And not a single soul has come—
What can the reason be?
I've looked for Willie all day long,
And now I'll look no more—
There, Fanny! don't you hear that step?
Some body's at the door!

Familiar Correspondence.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

ROSE HILL.

Dear Times:—Almost every paper that I pick up, now-a-days, contains some good advice to the ladies, about their dress, manners, &c. Of course we are sincerely thankful to the gentlemen for their constant watchfulness over us, erring, little daughters of Eve, as we all are. But, as "one good turn deserves another," you must allow me, dear Times, to say a few words to the "Lords of creation," through your columns.

I really wish to know what is the use of their spitting tobacco on the church floor, until we are in a perfect fever of fear, lest our costly dresses should be ruined forever, and our beautiful light gaiters present such a horrible appearance that we haven't any best foot to put forward, when we come out of church—where all the gentlemen congregate as if it was the business of their lives to watch us. They may say what they choose about our crinoline, small bonnets, &c.; but, let me tell you, Mr. Times, they need reform as much as we do. Just think what their cegars, chewing tobacco and mint julips, must cost in one year. They are extravagant, there is no mistake about that. As to their manner of dressing, I like to see a gentleman dressed in perfect taste and neatness. I like to see them with nicely brushed hats, clean boots and shining white collars with their neck ties fastened neatly and the very whitest risbands showing under their coat sleeves. I can't bear to see a man looking like a ghost in a whirlwind with his hair standing on end, his collar rumpled and put on sideways. While his neck tye looks for all the world, as if it had been stuffed into an auger hole. Such a man may be a *genius*, but he lacks common sense.

There is my cousin Tom, he is the drollest man you ever saw, and I wish you would try and make him do better dear Times; he smokes, chews, spits tobacco on the church floor, wears white dirty looking pants, puts his collar on any way, wears shoes instead of boots, keeps a red silk handkerchief, when I know he has dozens of white ones; and this same cousin Tom of mine thinks he is the very "pink of perfection," he is a lawyer, writes prose articles, and sometimes poetry, and is considered a smart man generally, but dear Times do ask him, to stop smoking and chewing and spitting tobacco on the church floor, and ask him to dress a little more neatly than he does, and he may yet win the heart of Polly Green, and be respected by all who know him. Yours Truly,

VIOLA.

N. C. BALL ROOM.—"Miss, can I have the pleasure of dancing with you the next cotillion?"

"Well, I don't know—"

"Engaged, perhaps?"

"Well, ef you must know, I ain't quite done *chawing my rawzum*."

An Amazon, out West, in describing her runaway husband, says: "Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose, where I scratched him."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

BY-AND-BY.

An affectionate Response to a sweet little poetical Address, by Mrs. M. D. Williams, recently published in the "Newbern Gazette."

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

When God was forming the heart of man,
The angel of Mercy beheld the plan,
And over the harp of a thousand strings,
She drew her snowy and shining wings,
And craved the boon of her gracious Lord,
Of tuning one silvery spirit-cord.

And Eden's sunlight and Eden's shade,
Were flooded with music the new harp made.
But not a melody-note was flung
From the slender string that the Angel strung,
Till sorrow had silenced the joyous lay
That gushed from the heart, in its gladsom day.

When Justice shut, on the mourning pair,
The gates of Eden, so fragrant and fair,
Sweet Mercy followed, on noiseless wing,
And touched the silent and secret string,
And the exiles heard, with a brightening eye,
The first sweet anthem of "By-and-By!"

And down from Eden hath drifted along,
The golden notes of that Angel song,
That the rosy fingers of Mercy play
On the suffering heart, in the darkest day;
We bless the Angel of pitying eye,
For her soft sweet warble of "By-and-By!"

Dear Sister, the earth is a yard of tombs,
The heart is a garden of fading blooms;
We see them falling—the loving, the dear,—
And passing away from the pathway here:
We long, sometimes, for the graveless shore,
Where those we have cherished have gone before,
And Mercy plays, with a sunny eye,
The tune on the heart-string: "By-and-By!"

They're passing away! they're passing away!
From a dim earth night, to a heavenly day,
And leave us to mourn by the marble urn,
Of joys departed that never return!
And hearts would break, with a burden of woe
As memory wanders the "long ago,"
If the angel of Mercy, with pitying eye,
Played not on the heart-string, "By-and-By!"

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, May, 12th, 1859.

Dear Times: Having repaired to our seat upon the portico, Florence drew from her basket the manuscript, and continued:

LIFE'S CHANGES.

CHAPTER III.

SAINT LEGER.

"Sunburnt his cheek; his forehead, high and pale,
The sable curls in wild profusion veil.
There was a laughing devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of rage and fear,
And where his glance of hatred darkly fell,
Hope, withering, fled, and Mercy sighed farewell. [*Byron.*

One moment, motionless as a statue, Zillah remained in full view of the strange revellers, who, no less surprised and silent than herself, gazed upon her in blank amazement. Then Zillah gathered up her riding-dress and walked to the organ. She at first touched the keys softly, calling forth a plaintive strain, which gradually swelled with the rising storm; until a volume of sound rolled through the room, as she followed all the variations of the tempest.—It sank now into a low, rich murmur, breathing the soul of sadness; then burst suddenly into a gush of glorious melody, yet with a wailing sorrow rising over all; subsiding again into murmuring sadness; changing suddenly to a gay, fantastic measure, full of goblin merriment, thrilling, sparkling, glancing among the keys, like storm-spirits at play; rising once more into a grand sweep of martial music, flooding the room with the full harmony; finally dying away with the passing storm.

Zillah arose from the seat, and clamor and confusion took the place of utter silence.

"Now I'm in for it!" thought Zillah. "Instead of ghosts, they're a great deal worse—the outlaws who infest these mountains. I do hope *Saint Leger* is'nt here I dont see any one that could answer for him, and—"

"Girl, who *are* you?"

Zillah looked up.

The question came from the man who had lain upon the divan. He was young, possibly not more than twenty-six, and dressed in a picturesque hunting-suit of green cloth, richly embroidered with gold. A broad belt of curious and costly workmanship held a Jewelled dagger and a brace of pistols. His features were magnificent in their dark, bright beauty, but a singular expression, half sneering levity and half of deep melancholly rested upon the exquisite mouth. Zillah stared at him, blankly.

"Who *are* you?" he repeated, half impatiently.

"Well, give a body time to think, wont you? I'm Queen Mab."

"Queen Mab! I'm tempted to believe you. You seem to have dropped from elf-land. How came you here?"

"If you'll please to tell me where I am, I'll answer your question;" said Zillah. "I did s'pose I was in Castle Crag, an old ruin that was inhabited chiefly by ghost and goblins, varied with a sprinkling of bats, but the present occupants are too substantial for goblins, and entirely too humanized for bats, so I cant very well locate myself."

"You are in Castle Crag," smiled the outlaw; "there was no mistake in that, but erred in supposing the ruin was left to ghosts and vampires. You have probably heard of Saint Leger and his outlawed band?"

"Of course I have, and I'd like to see the head syre, if his highness is present; or is Saint Leger merely 'Old Nick, in shape of beast?'"

"I am Saint Leger; the gipsy outlaw, and these are my followers!" replied the bandit, proudly waving his hand, which was small and delicate as a woman's.

They were a band of which any robber-chief might have been proud; tall, strong, fierce-looking, all of them; the women endowed with all the beauty of the gipsy race.

"*You* Saint Leger!" exclaimed Zillah, "and I'm neither robbed nor murdered! It's positively incredible!"

"Nevertheless, it is true;" said the outlaw. "Did you suppose my looks would coincide with my 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones' reputation?"

"To be sure;" replied Queen Mab. "I thought you were horrid monster with seven heads and ten horns! However, as the storm is near about over and my relations are probably about to give up the ghost, from anxiety as to my wellfare, I am under the painful necessity of bidding you all farewell and taking the road."

"Not so fast, my little maid!" said Saint Leger, placing himself between her and the door. "Sit down, quietly. I wish much to learn your real name, and how you came hither. Queen Mab is a pretty pet-name, but we wish to address you more respectfully. What do your acquaintances call you, and what on earth brought you to Castle Crag?"

"'The last shall be first;'" said Ruby. I rode here, down the big road that lies in the direction of Sutherland Hall; and as to my name, as well as I can recollect, I am called Miss Zillah Sutherland; your most obedient!"

Zillah came to a dead stop, almost frightened by the deathly expression of the gipsy's face. Bending forward so that his luxuriant black hair shaded entirely his face, he remained for some moments rigedly still, his head resting on his hands. Raising his head, at length, he threw back the jetty locks from a face ghostly white, and said, in a deep hollow voice, utterly unlike his former musical tones:

"How happens it, that you, of all the Sutherlands, should meet me, here!"

"Well, it does seem surprising that the uttering of my name could cause *any one* to look so like a ghost; more especially you, whom I never saw before, in the entire course of my natural life!" replied Ruby, stretching her light grey eyes to their widest extent.

The outlaw looked at her a moment in silence, his features gradually resuming their habitual expression and bloom.

"You had once a sister, Miss Clarie Sutherland;" he said, quietly, but with a seemingly involuntary look and tone of deep respect, which surprised Zillah, no less than his previous emotion. "Is she living at Sutherland Hall?"

"Of course;" replied Zillah. "It does seem queer that you dont know that! I thought you'd been living up here in the mountains for more than a year. I'm sure I've heard of Saint Leger for a considerable time. Yes, Claire is living at Sutherland Hall! Do you wish to know anything else?"

"I have heard that she was soon to wed—Lord Hartledon!" said the gipsy; as if the name choked him. "Is it true?"

"Well, you *do* appear to be rather inquisitive, but since no harm can come of it, I don't mind saying that she is going to marry Lord Hartledon, if it is the will of the Lord, and the house don't catch on fire!"

Saint Leger dropped his long black lashes over his eyes, so she could not see the effect of her announcement there, but a deep pallor settled about his mouth and he remained perfectly silent. During this conversation the gipsies had gathered eagerly around, and Zillah smiled to herself as she thought of her singular position, talking familiarly with the notorious Saint Leger in the upper room of Castle Crag.

"Oh, wont there be another interruption of Mount Voracious, as uncle Jeff says, when I get home? Oh, my!" then aloud, "Captain Saint Leger, as it is high time for me to depart, will you have the extreme kindness to order one of your attendants to light me down stairs? It's awful dark out there."

To the surprise both of Zillah and the gang, he signed to one of the women to obey, but as Zillah was about to pass out, he caught a glimpse of the ruby cross she wore about her neck.

"Where did you get this, girl?" he cried, attempting to lift it from her neck.

"Well, upon my word," said Zillah indignantly, "this certainly takes the rag off the bush! Is the man drunk or only crazy?" and without waiting for a reply she swept out of the room, ran down stairs, untethered her horse, led him to the door, and springing to her seat, dashed away into the depths of the forest.

Saint Leger remained standing till the ringing sound of Ethiop's hoofs died away in the distance, then signing to his followers to remain where they were, he, too, left the walls of Castle Crag. He walked quickly and fiercely along, the rain-drops which he in his impatience shook from the leaves, saturating his raven tresses, which streamed wildly back from his heated temples. He had walked perhaps a mile or two over the wild mountain path, when he paused before the door of the Sibyl's Cell.

Taking from his belt a small whistle, he blew it shrilly, and hardly had the echoes caught the blast, when the door swung back, and he entered. Miriam, the Sibyl, motioned him to advance, and together they entered the inner room. This remained much as formerly, save that the crimson drapery no longer hid the black, glistening sides of the cavern, from the centre of which swung a censor of many-colored fires, lighting the entire length of the cave, filling the air with perfume.

Miriam motioned the outlaw into a seat, while she awaited his words in silence, counting a number of garnet beads which were scattered like blood-drops over her lap. Saint Leger finally broke silence:

"Miriam, I have seen Zillah!" he said, gazing keenly into the Sibyl's face. There was no change in the death-like features.

"What said she?" she asked quietly.

"She told me that Claire was about to wed Lord Hartledon!"

"Wherefore not? Claire is a true Sutherland. There is but a small portion of Gipsy blood in her veins. Zillah has it all."

"No matter, she is my——she shall never wed that serpent! Ah, ha!" laughed the gipsy in bitter scorn, "he thought he had eluded me—the one he has so much wronged—when he crossed the Atlantic, and hid himself among these mountains! Fool! I will make him repent in bitter ashes, the time that ever he heard the name of Zoraida."

"Right," said the Sibyl, "but what do you wish of my art?"

"You promised me a subtle drug."

"Ah, yes, I remember. Remain here, Count, until I return. You shall have what you ask."

And so saying the Sibyl raised a heavy black curtain, opposite the one beneath which they had entered, and disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIPSY'S HATE.

And in thy veins there springs a poison fountain,
Deadlier than that which bathes the Upas tree,
And in thy wrath a nursing cat-o'-mountain
Is calm as her babe's sleep, compared with thee. [Halleck.

The Sibyl passed into an open space or cavern, oval in shape, and surrounded on all sides by a natural wall of grey rock, but with a covering on top.—Viewed from the summit of the almost inaccessible cliff, it seemed a large opening caused by some internal convulsion, so dark and deep that no human eye could penetrate to the bottom. Entering it from the Sibyl's Cell it was a beautiful garden, filled with rare flowers and tropical plants. A silvery fountain in the middle of this subterranean paradise refreshed the air, otherwise too close and hot, and graceful walks wound through labyrinths of roses, some dark, velvety crimson, others snowy white, contrasting with fragrant geraniums, pale, perfumed jessamines, and blue, scented heliotropes. In fact, there were all of beautiful and fragrant flowers that tropic regions can supply, together with the productions of colder climes. There were delicate myrtles, sweet mignonettes, red and white gaponieas, and the tuberose, bending sleepily under its weight of perfume; azure-eyed morning glories and coral honey-suckles, scarlet wood-bines and crimson star cypresses, linking together with their blooming fetters, olives, citrons, oranges and the queenly pomegranite, clustering gaily in festoons and garlands around dark, rich green hollies, and drooping over beds of lilies pure as snow-flakes and glittering with dewy pearls.

The Sibyl lingered amid this wilderness of sweets, inhaling eagerly the fresh perfume, then hastily filling her lap with the dewy flowers, she returned to the Cell. She here heaped her floral treasures upon the table, where they lay sparkling and flashing in the light of the censor, while the Sibyl resumed her seat, after placing a silver cup beneath a slender tube, fastened to the wall, whence a dark red liquid fell, drop by drop, into the goblet. She motioned Saint Leger to proceed. He did so:

"I have told you how beautiful Zoraida was, and how I loved her, but I cannot tell, nor can you imagine my agony at finding her the—the—at finding, I say that Lord Hartledon, the rich, the great, had enticed her from me. My gipsy blood vowed vengeance on them both, but Zoraida, weak fool that she was, allowed me no time for revenge on her. She died broken-hearted in less than two months afterwards. But Lord Hartledon! Remorse pursued him like a fiend, and he determined to *reform*, to turn sanctimonious, and be good—self-deluded hypocrite that he is! Well, being rich and free, he wandered about the world, seeking for the rest he found not for months. But having succeeded in smoothing down his conscience, and, more than all, knowing that I, like a blood-hound, was on his track, he came to America, and after a short stay in one or two cities, he came to this mountain retreat, ostensibly for his health, really to hide from me. I and my band tracked him to Stanton, where he has been for more than a year, and where he became acquainted with my——with Mr. Sutherland, who introduced him to the society of his daughters. A precious pair of worthies. Little does that grey-haired sinner dream what a viper he is warming at his hearth-stone in that excellent and virtuous young nobleman! But"—the hard tone melting into one of gushing tenderness—"the one he stings must not be my gentle Claire. As you say, Zillah, in retaining her mother's name, inherits also the gipsy blood, but Claire's disposition is like her mother's. Zillah is strong to suffer and to act, and the gay high spirit that she now possesses must and will be tempered by sorrow to strength and majesty. Misfortune would only develop her character—but Claire! It has been a singular chance that has suffered me frequently to meet in society Claire and Ella, but never Zillah till to-night. I know that trouble would kill the gentle Claire."

"Tell me," interrupted Miriam, "did you betray to Zillah your intimate knowledge of the inmates of her family? Does she suspect aught?"

"I think not," replied the gipsy, "though I betrayed my deep interest in both Claire and herself on learning her name."

"How and where did you meet her?" asked the Sibyl.

"Saint Leger related briefly his meeting and interview with Zillah.

"I asked her," continued the gipsy, "if it were true that Lord Hartledon was about to marry Claire, and to my inexpressible dismay she answered yes. For though I have met the Sutherland family often as Captain Browne, I could never discover whether the affair had gone so far. Ha, ha, ha! What a 'sensation' there would be if they knew that society's favorite, the all accomplished Captain Browne, was no other than Saint Leger, the gipsy outlaw."

"How did you think of proceeding in this matter?"

"Simply to remain passive. I am, as Captain Browne, Lord Hartledon's intimate friend, and though he is as close as there is any need for, I am sure, if he is engaged to Claire, that he is playing a double game there also, villain that he is."

"You have a right to hate your——the race with which your mother mixed," said the Sibyl.

"I *have* a right and I exercise it," replied the outlaw. "Oh, the bitter, *bitter* hatred that is filling my whole soul can never cease while I remember my own and my mother's wrongs. Oh, how I hate and despise them, and how I burn for revenge."

This he said, not in anger or passion, but in the deep, low tone of concentrated HATE, while his face was calm as marble, but for the lurid lightnings of his large grey eyes.

"You have cause;" said the Sibyl, with a calmness that rivalled *his* iron like composure.

"Whom do you hate most, Mr. Sutherland or Lord Hartledon?"

"Lord Hartledon. Words cannot express to you my loathing for that man! I would bury my dagger without mercy in his hollow heart, but I wish him to drink first of the cup he is mixing for his own lips. In the meantime I must see Claire, and reveal myself to Zillah. After once learning the ties which bind us, and hearing my story of oppression and wrong, she will be my firm friend and faithful assistant. *I know the gipsy blood*, and Zillah has her full share of it. And now, my friend, my mother's friend, I must bid you adieu. I have appointed a captain over my band, while I am absent. There will be a denouement soon, and I must be there to act my part in the drama. Adieu. We will, for the present, talk no more as friends. Will you prepare for me the drug?"

The Sibyl took the silver cup, now half filled with the red liquid, and carefully placed it upon the table. She then wreathed the flowers into garlands of dewy fragrance, heaping them around the cup. This done she set fire to the liquid in the goblet, and suddenly a volume of rosy smoke filled the room, floating in graceful wreathes and clouds, and covering all with a veil of semi-transparent brightness. When it finally cleared away the flowers were utterly consumed, but the cup was filled to the brim with a fluid like water, clear and sparkling as crystal.

"You will not forget to use the drug?" said the Sibyl, pouring it into a vial before giving it to Saint Leger.

"Do not imagine that the husband of the last Zoraida can ever forget. My hatred is as deep as the sea—abiding and eternal. God alone can root it from my heart!"

And with the cold, haughty step peculiar to him, he left the Sibyl's Cell, and disappeared in the darkness.

Florence ended the chapter here, and we adjourned for that night.

Yours respectfully,

JULIA SOUTHALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The House Across the Way.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

There it stands across the way, a dilapidated, time-worn structure, with its tall massive chimney, its moss-covered roof and blackened exterior, from which the loosened clapboards are blowing and chattering in the wind. You may go up the ancient steps, cross the crumbling threshold of the door, but there will be no sound save the beating of your own heart or the scampering of predatory mice in the ceiling. As you enter there yawns the deep old fire-place where the generous logs have been wont to burn. There is the door that led out to the garden, and the way you turn to ascend the creaking stairs. We will go up together, not as I went in a late cloudy twilight, alone, with the gusty wind blowing overhead and making strange sounds in the desolate house. You may see no phantoms here, no soft shapes coming and then melting away, but with me it is different. Let us look all through the wide old fashioned chambers with their dark carved posts, a century old, and peep a bit up the gloomy attic stair, and see the great oaken beams that have so bravely withstood the storms of a hundred years and then, if you will, I will tell you the story of the old house. It was gloomy and ancient looking, as it is now when my infant eyes first beheld it, but not so desolate, for then a band were gathered around the hearth-stone. Now, alas! how widely parted. One after another they went forth to the world and its shadows gathered about them early. Some wandered and one died—the dearest and fairest—fading like a snow-wreath from her young husband's arms. So at last the father and mother were left alone. Summer after summer—winter after winter, they dwelt together in the desolate house, and age came upon them there, then *Death*, and the "one was taken and the other left." Mournfully then wailed the wild March wind about the gloomy room where he lay in his last sleep and pityingly fell the rain as they bore him forth, with a mourning train, from the house across the way. And now a great change came. Stranger faces, stranger feet were there. The ancient furniture was taken from its place and sold and widely scattered. Then the survivor of that once wide family departed, and silence was left in the house across the way. I am thinking to day how the gay Spring will come there, weaving green vestures for the trees in the garden, make the pathway green with long grass, and wake the bright primroses upon the sunny bank, though no hand is there to gather them.

Oh, silent house! ye mind of what must be to all. Sooner or later "the places that know us must know us no more." It is only the home above that is beautiful exceedingly—unchanged and all unchanging.

HOLD ON, BOYS.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, speak, or say any improper word.—Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper or disobedient act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from duty, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their games of mirth and revelry. Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to your truth; for it will serve you well and do you good through time and eternity. Hold on to your virtue, it is above all price to you at all times and places. Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

In Mexico, everybody is supposed to be an ex-President who wears a clean shirt and keeps his hands washed. And in this country, every politician expects to be President, whether he has a shirt or not.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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THE CHARLOTTE CELEBRATION:—An extra from the Democrat Office gives a glowing description of the doings and sayings of the military celebration in Charlotte on Friday last, the occasion being the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and also the anniversary of the Hornets' Nest Riflemen. Mecklenburg proved her devotion to liberty in the days of the revolution, and the valor of the fathers has not degenerated in their sons.

Mr. Buchanan's Visit.

We have on two or three occasions reported, from what we thought good authority, that President Buchanon intended visiting North Carolina on the occasion of the University Commencement; and on each several occasion we have seen the report doubted. But we find the following letter in last week's Standard accepting an invitation from the trustees of that institution, which will decide the question. It is expected that the President will be accompanied by the Hon. Jacob Thompson, and other friends.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 12, 1859.

GENTLEMEN: I have been honored by your very kind invitation on the part of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina, to visit Chapel Hill at the Commencement in June next.

It affords me pleasure to say that I cordially and gratefully accept this invitation. I desired to visit "the old North State," and become better acquainted with a people for whom I have ever entertained the highest respect and esteem. The occasion being literary, and not political, is just such an one as I should myself have selected.

Yrurs, very respectfully.
JAMES BUCHANAN.

To John W. Ellis, Charles Manly, Thos. Bragg, John H. Bryon, W. W. Holden, D. W. Courts, D. L. Swain, Thomas Ruffin, Sen., David S. Reid, John M. Morehead, Wm. A. Graham, W. W. Avery, and Robert B. Gilliam, Esq's., *Committee.*

PRIVATE CORNER.

FINLEY JOHNSON: "Isabell Sinclair, or Love's Stratagem," received.....CLARA AUGUSTA: Will reply in a few days.....Miss A. A.: We feel grateful for your tribute. "I love the Times; there is no other paper that I prize half so much; and I prize it more now than ever, since I am so far removed from the genial clime of our own Old State, and it brings weekly tidings to my heart".....E. M. ALLEN: Will examine your MS. and write you.

EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.—At a public meeting in Newbern, a committee of 25 of the most eminent citizens of that place was appointed to provide for the proper reception and entertainment of the members of the N. C. Educational Society, which is to meet in that place on the 14th June.

LIBERAL.—We see it stated that Mr. Warren, of North Carolina, Mr. Armfield, of Tennessee, and Mr. Croom, of Alabama, have each subscribed $25,000 to the University of the South, and nineteen other persons the aggregate sum of $100,000.

☞ H. W. Miller, Esq., is to Lecture at Washington City on the 30th inst., at the invitation of a committee of North Carolinians in that city.

The Small pox has made its appearance at Troy and Selma, Ala.

Senator Seward departed for Europe last week, in the Steamer Ariel.

Come tell us all about the war,
And what you fight each other for.

The struggle has commenced, and ere the sword has returned to its scabbard Europe will have witnessed a struggle with few parallels. Austria, Sardinia and France are the parties now chiefly interested. Perhaps a better idea may be had of the respective issues of the parties by the language and tone of their manifestoes, in which each party sets forth its cause of declaration of war.

THE AUSTRIAN MANIFESTO.

The following is the manifesto issued by the Emperor of Austria against Sardinia:

To my People:—I have ordered my faithful and gallant army to put a stop to the inimical acts which, for a series of years, have been committed by the neighboring State of Sardinia, against the indisputable rights of my crown, and againts the integrity of the realm placed by God under my care: which acts have lately attained the very highest point. By so doing I have fulfilled the painful but unavoidable duty of a sovereign. My conscience being at rest, I can look up to an omnipotent God, and patiently await His award. With confidence I leave my decision to the impartial judgment of contemporaneous and future generations.—Of the approbation of my faithful subjects I am sure. More than ten years ago the same enemy—violating international law and the usages of war, and without any offense being given—entered the Lombardo-Venetian territory with the intention of acquiring possession of it. Although the enemy was twice totally defeated by my gallant army, and at the mercy of the victor, I behaved generously, and proposed a reconciliation. I did not appropriate to myself one inch of his territory. I encroached no right which belongs to the crown of Sardinia, as one of the members of the European family of nations. I insisted on no guarantees against the recurrence of similar events. The hand of peace which I, in all sincerity, extended, and which was taken, appeared to me to be a sufficient guarantee. The blood which my army shed for the honor and rights of Austria I sacrificed on the altar of peace.

The reward for such unexampled forbearence was an immediate continuation of enmity, which increased from year to year and perfidious agitation against the peace and welfare of my Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Well knowing what a precious boon peace was for my people and for Europe, I patiently bore with these new hostilities. My patience was not exhausted when the more extensive measures which I was forced to take, in consequence of the revolutionary agitation on the frontiers of my Italian provinces, and within the same, were made an excuse for a higher degree of hostility. Willingly accepting the well-meant mediation of friendly Powers for the maintenance of peace, I consented to become a party to a Congress of the five great Powers. The four points proposed by the royal government of Great Britain as a basis for the deliberations of the Congress were forwarded to my Cabinet, and I accepted them, with the conditions which were calculated to bring about a true, sincere and durable peace. In the consciousness that no step on the part of my government could, even in the most remote degree, lead to a disturbance of the peace, I demanded that Power which was the cause of the complication and had brought about the danger of war should, as a preliminary measure disarm. Being pressed thereto by friendly Powers, I at length accepted the proposal for a general disarmament. The mediation failed in consequence of the unacceptableness of the conditions on which Sardinia made her consent dependent. Only one means of maintaining peace remained. I addressed myself directly to the Sardinian government, and summoned it to place its army on a peace footing and to disband the free corps. As Sardinia did not accede to my demand, the moment for deciding the matter by an appeal to arms has arrived.

I have ordered my army to enter Sardinia.

I am aware of the vast importance of the measure, and if ever my duties as a monarch weighed heavily on me it is at this moment. War is the scourge of mankind. I see with sorrow that the lives and property of thousands of my subjects are imperiled, and deeply feel what a severe trial war is for my realm, which, being occupied with its internal development, greatly requires the continuance of peace. But the heart of the monarch must be silent at the command of honor and duty. On the frontiers is an armed enemy, who, in alliance with the revolutionary party, openly announces his intention to obtain possession of the dependencies of Austria in Italy. To support him, *the ruler over France—who under futile pretexts, interferes in the legally established relations of the Italian Peninsula—has set his troops in movement.* Detachments of them have already crossed the frontiers of Sardinia. The crown which I received without spot or blemish from my forefathers has already seen trying times. The glorious history of our country gives evidence that Providence, when there is a foreshadowing that the greatest good of humanity is in danger of being overthrown in Europe, has frequently used the sword of Austria in order to dispel that shadow. We are again on the eve of such a period. The overthrow of the things that be is not only aimed at by factions but by thrones.—[The original cannot be rendered literally, but its sense is, that the present revolutionary movement is caused by monarchs as well as by private individuals.] The sword which I have been forced to draw is sanctified, inasmuch as it is a defense for the honor and rights of all peoples and States, and for all that is held most dear by humanity.

To you, my people, whose devotion to the hereditary reigning family may serve as a model for all the nations of the earth, I now address myself. In the conflict which has commenced you will stand by me with your oft proved fidelity and devotion. To your sons, whom I have taken into the ranks of the army, I, their commander, send my martial greeting. With pride you may regard them, for the eagle of Austria will, with their support, soar high.

Our struggle is a just one, and we begin it with courage and confidence. We hope, however, that we shall not stand alone in it. The soil on which we have to do battle was made fruitful by the blood lost by our German brethren when they won those bulwarks which they have maintained up to the present day.—There the crafty enemies of Germany have generally begun their game when they have wished to break her internal power. The feeling that such a danger is now imminent prevails in all parts of Germany, from the hut to the throne—from one frontier to the other. I speak as a sovereign member for the Germanic confederation when I call attention to the common danger, and recall to memory the glorious times in which Europe had to thank the general and fervent enthusiasm of Germany for its liberation. For God and fatherland.

Given at my residence and metropolis of Vienna on this 28th day of April, 1859.
FRANCIS JOSEPH.

MILITARY MANIFESTO OF THE KING OF SARDINIA.

The manifesto of the King of Sardinia, heretofore briefly mentioned by telegraph, is as follows:

Soldiers! Austria, which increases its army on our frontiers and threatens to invade our territory, because liberty here reigns with order, because not force, but concord and affection between people and sovereign here rule the State, because the cries of suffering of oppressed Italy here find a hearing, Austria dares to intimate to us, armed only in defense, that we are to lay down our arms and put ourselves in her power.

The outrageous intimation called for a worthy reply. I have disdainfully rejected it.

Soldiers! I announce this to you, certain that you will take to yourselvs the outrage offered to your king—to the nation The announcement I give to you is the announcement of war. To arms, then, soldiers.

You will find yourselves opposed to no new enemy; but, if he be brave and disciplined, you do not fear the meeting, and may boast of the days of Goito, of Pastrengo, of Santa Lucia, of Somma Campagna, of Custosa itself, where only four brigades contended for three days with five *corps d'armee.*

I will be your leader. On former occasions we have known a great part of you in the heat of combats; and I, fighting by the side of my magnanimous father, admired your valor with pride.

On the field of honor and of glory you, I am certain, will know how to preserve, and also to increase, your fame as valiant soldiers.

You will have for your companions those intrepid soldiers of France, conquerors in so many great battles, whose comrades you were on the Tchernaya, and whom Napoleon III., ever hastening thither where there is a just cause to defend and civilization to uphold, (*du for prevalere,*) generously sends to our aid in numerous bands.

Advance, then, confident of victory, and adorn your banner with fresh laurels; that banner which, with its three colors, and with the youth which, here assembled from all parts of Italy, are gathered together beneath, points out to you that you have for your task the independence of Italy—that just and holy enterprise which will be your war cry.

VICTOR EMANUEL
Turin, April 27, 1859.

DECLARATION OF FRANCE.

Count Walewski, on behalf of the French government, has isued a declaration to its diplomatic representative, setting forth its efforts to prevent hostilities, and having failed, to support Sardinia.

"France, since half a century, has never pretended to exercise an interested influence in Italy, and it is not she, assuredly, who can be accused of having attempted to arouse the remembrance of ancient struggles and historical rivalities. All that she has hitherto asked for, and treaties agree with her wishes, is that the States of the (Italian) Peninsular should live for themselves and manage their own affairs at home, as well as in their foreign relations. I am not aware that a different view is taken at London, Berlin, or St. Petersburg than at Paris; however it may be, circumstances have placed Austria towards the various powers of Italy in a position unanimously judged as preponderating. * * * * * The French Government entertains the firm hope that the government of her Britanic Majesty will continue to persevere in an attitude which, by uniting by a moral bond the policy of the two countries, *will allow the Cabinets of Paris and of London to give mutual explanations without reserve, and to combine, according to eventualities*, an *entente* destined to preserve the Continent from the effects of a struggle which may arise at one of its extremities.

"*Russia, we are perfectly convinced of it, will be always ready to direct her efforts to the same end.* As regards Prussia, the impartial and, at the same time, conciliating spirit of which she has given proof since the commencement of the crisis, is a sure guarantee of her inclination to neglect nothing to circumscribe the explosion.

"*We sincerely hope that the other Powers which form the German Confederation will not allow themselves to be led astray by the remembrance of a different epoch.* France can only behold with sorrow the excitement which has seized upon some States of Germany. She does not understand how that great country, ordinarily so calm and so patriotically imbued with the knowledge of its strength, should fancy its safety menaced by events, the theatre of which must remain far from its territory. The Emperor's government is therefore prone to believe that the statesmen of Germany will soon admit that it depends a great deal upon themselves to contribute to limit the extent of and the duration of a war which France, if she has to take part in, has at least the consciousness of not having provoked."

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON DEFINING HIS POSITION.

The following are the closing remarks of the Emperor Napoleon's communication to the Corps legislatiff:

Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct, but now energy becomes my first duty. France must now to arms, and I resolutely tell Europe I wish not for conquest, but I am determined firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy.

I observe treaties on condition that they are not violated against me.

I boldly avow my sympathies with a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who now groan under foreign oppression. France has shown her hatred for anarchy. Her will was to give me power sufficient to reduce into subjection the abettors of disorder and the incorrigible members of the old factions who incessantly have been concluding compacts with our enemies.

But she has not for that purpose abandoned her civilizing character. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the amelioration of the human race, and when she draws the sword, it is *not to govern, but to free!*

The object, then, of this war is to restore Italy to herself—not to impose upon her a change of masters, and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people who will owe to us their independence.

We do not enter Italy to foment disorder or disturb the power of our Holy Father, whom we replaced upon his throne but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which burdens the whole peninsula: to help to establish order there, based upon lawful and satisfied interests.

We enter this classic ground, rendered illustrious by so many victories, to seek the footsteps of our fathers. God grant we may be worthy of them!

I am about to place myself at the head of the army. I leave to France the Empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and enlightenment of the last Emperor's surviving brother, she will understand how to show herself worthy of the grandeur of her mission.—I confide them to the army which remains in France to keep a watch upon our frontiers and guard our homes. I confide them to the patriotism of our National Guard. I confide them, in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotedness of which I daily receive so many proofs.

Courage, then, and union! Our country is about to show the world she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts for that cause is holy in the eye of country and independence.

MEMPHIS, May 18.—The sufferers by the burning of Stevenson's block are: Lent & Trabue; Frand Smith & Co.; S. L. Case & Co.; G. M. Coates; H. Dow, and H. H. Mettee.

It is also stated that by the above fire Wm. Johnston, Esq., of Charlotte, had property destroyed worth $8000 or $9000, five or six thousand of which is covered by insurance.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, May 26
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 a16, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16⅔, crushed 16⅔, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET. May 21 th.,
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$7.75	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35
Extra.....	7.25	*Beeswax*,.....	32
Superfine..	6 25	*Dried Apples*, ⅌ bu. of 28lbs...	1.75
Corn, Mixed a W.	83.a84	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ⅌ bu.....	5.00
Yellow.....	86a87	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8a8½
Wheat, White	135a160	do. Sides	10a10½
Red.....	130a150	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	10½
Cotton,.....	11a12½	*Staves*, R.O. bhd	28a29
Peas, Black Eye	1.25	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	85 90	do bhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13½	do bbl.	28
do do 2...	13		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

RICHMOND MARKET.—May 21. 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders,	9a9½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,.....	10½a11	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams,.....	12½a13	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	13a13½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,.....	17	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	45
Molasses., Cuba..	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3½a5½
Syrup.....	28a30	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O., ...	40a45	Leaf.....	7a9
Wheat, White,	175a185	Good and fine,..	9a11
Red, ...	155a165		

CHARLESTON, May, 20.—Cotton—There was a very good demand for this article to-day, which resulted in the sale of upwards of 1700 bales, at very full and rather advancing prices.

NEW ORLEANS, May 20—Sales to-day of 35000 bales Cotton with the market unsettled; Middlings 10 3-4@11c

BALTIMORE, May 21.—Flour is unsettled and dull, with a decline of 25 cts; Howard street and Ohio $7. Wheat has declined 10 cts, closing dull; white, $1 70 a $1 90. Corn has declined 3 a 4 cts, closing dull; yellow, 90 cts; white, 885 a $87 cts.

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☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c, &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County,

R. S. TUCKER,	Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN	do
W. C. HARRISON,	do

W. S. Battle Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.

All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 15:51

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

Foreign Details.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

Intelligence of a battle was hourly expected when the last steamer sailed, but nothing important had yet occurred.

The Austrians had crossed the Po, near Cambis or Cambia, seven miles from Valenza, and have advanced towards Sala. They had also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river, near Trassianto, on the 3d inst. (Probably this should be Frassinetto, a village 3½ miles from Cassale.)

The Sardinian account of the latter effort says the cannonade lasted for fifteen hours, and re-commenced on the afternoon of the 4th, lasting the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese had a few wounded, and say the Austrains suffered considerably.

On the 3d the Austrains also commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza without much effect.

An official bulletin issued at Turin on the 4th says the Austrians had increased their forces at Vercelli, and constructed defensive works there. They had also occupied the towns of Trino and Tobietto, the former about 11 miles southwest of Vercelli, leaving their vanguard at Tronzano, 13 miles west northwest of Vercelli.

The Austrians withdrew last night from Tortona, (13 miles east southeast of Allessandria) and yesterday they burnt seven arches of the bridge over the Scriva, (probably the river Treblia,) near Placenza, and have ordered the demoliation of the houses erected upon the fortifications there.

A Hambug despatch says that England has officially notified that she will not be able to protect commercial vessels in case of war between Germany and France.

The *Globe's* Paris correspondent says that Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, expressing her confidence in his strict honor, and that he would not go a step further than he assured her he would some months back.

The *Daily News* looks for the first battle at Novi.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps in consequence of the passes being blocked with snow. Those who had crossed suffered terribly. It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of 25,000 men on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Turin correspondent of the *Daily News* asserts positively that France is about to mobolize between seven and eight hundred men; and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand men, as the Emperor fears that Germany will not remain quiet. The same correspondent also asserts that on the day the Emperor quits Paris he will address a solemn manifesto to Europe espousing the cause of nationalities.

It is reported that the French Government is endeavoring to secure the neutrality of Prussia. They had promised on their side, not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war shall be circumscribed to Italy.

The citizens of Milan have been ordered to deliver up all the arms in their possession.

Gen. Wimpffen has been entrusted with the defence of Trieste and the Illyrian coast.

LATER.

VIENNA, May 6.—An official bulletin has been issued, in which Gen. Giulay reports as follows: On Wednesday we made a demonstration near Candia and Trassinato, on our side 20 were wounded. Near Casale we have thrown a bridge over the Po, and crossed and fortified the head of the bridge.

Yesterday on our railroad, near Verona, a train filled with troops came in collision with some ammunition wagons. Some exploded, by which twenty three men were killed and 124 wounded.

FIVE DAYS LATER.

No regular battle has taken place yet.

The movements of the Austrians are involved in mystery, occupying and abandoning positions, apparently without any motive. Some suppose they are waiting for the waters to subside, and for favorable weather.

No material change has taken place in the affairs of Italy.

Gen. Marmora's strategetical line is in Dora, and it is estimated that Austria will soon have 750,000 men under arms.

Austria has declared Ancono to be in a state of siege. The Pope has protested. Austria has promised to reconsider.

The Empress Eugene is Regent of France during the Emperor's absence.

THE BAPTISM OF HENRY CLAY.—A recent letter from the Rev. E. F. Berkley, Rector of St. George's Church, St. Louis, to W. A. Bell, Esq., of Paducha, Ky., settles a very important historical fact.—Mr. B. was, for many years, Mr. Clay's pastor, at Lexington, Ky., and held the most intimate relations with him. He says: "Mr. Clay was baptised in his *parlor*, at Ashland, on the 22d of June, 1847, in our usual way, *by pouring a handful of water on his head*, in the name of the Holy Trinity; one of his daughters-in-law, and four of his grand daughters being baptised at the same time, and in the same way.—*Wil. Herald.*

A RICH ANECDOTE.—When O. S. Fowler, first commenced the examination of bumps, some of the Students of the New York University were disposed to quiz him. A peculiar shaped squash was found in the college yard, and a plaster cast taken of one end of it, quite closely resembling the cast of a human skull. This was taken to Fowler's rooms, and he was given to understand that the oriental was closely connected with a literary institution. The phrenologist took the cast in his hand and examined it with some care when a bright thought struck him. You need not think young men, to catch me!' said he to the students; 'do you think I don't know the head of Horace Greely.'

NEW ORLEANS, May 23.

The steamer Coatzacoalcos, which has arrived at the above port from Minatitlan and San Francisco, brings a report that Gen. Walker has arrived at Acapulco with three hundred men. His destination is unknown, but is supposed to be the Southern part of Mexico.

LARGE EXPORT OF SPECIE.—The Ocean Queen and Kangaroo sailed from New York at noon on Saturday for Europe, with upwards of $2,250,000 in specie.

The Cincinnati Observatory is to be removed from its present location. Prof. Mitchell says it is too smoky in that city to obtain good observations.

The great double team trotting match race between Ethan Allen and Lantern, for $10,000, came off on the Union course, N. Y., on Wednesday, and was won by the former, as best 3 in 5. The time was 2 min. the first heat, and 2m. 24½ the 2d heat.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions has not yet sprouted.

20.000 PRINTING CARDS, With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

FOR SALE BY **FISHER & FOARD**, Grocers and Commission Merchants, NEWBERN, N. C.

9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,
35 bbls N. Y Mess Pork,
10 tons Peruvian Guano,
5 do Phosphatic Peruvian Guano,
5 do California Guano,
100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,
100 do Hyd. Cement,
550 Sacks G. A. Salt,
300 bbls Alexandria Lime,
2000 Flour Bags,
2000 Grain Bags,
75 bbls N. O and Muscov. Molasses.
20 ½ bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime.
68 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars.
65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguyra Coffee.
25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,
20 do do Blue Fish,
40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring, No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls, ½ bbls, ¼ bbls and ⅛ bbls,
Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at Bakers' cash prices.

20—2m

MASONIC.

Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Election for Officers of Greensborough Lodge, No. 76, will be held on Saturday, June 4th, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

LOOK AT THIS!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods**. Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.

PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to **T. J. Patrick,** Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS,
Greensboro, N. C. [1—ly]

MARBLE WORKS

By GEORGE HEINRICH.

Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Change of Proprietors.

Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.—1y.

VISITING CARDS.

R. G. STAPLES,

CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

LOOK AT THIS.

R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 89—1y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—**Porter & Gorrell,** Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.

FACULTY.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.

S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.

W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.

Mrs. Lucy Jones, Miss Bettie Carter, Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Department.

Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss L. C. Van Vleck, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.

S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.

Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1: French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21: Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupil's are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11—y)

Good Times Come at Last.

THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.

Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

HIDES! HIDES!!

Cost paid for Hides at BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 15th, 1851.

C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.

All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same.

He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums, in Boston, New York and Baltimore.

Warerooms, No. 772 ARCH street, below Eighth, South side, Philadelphia. 2:6m;eow

COMMON SCHOOLS OF GUILFORD.

No. Dist. COMMITTEES for 1859.

1 M Summers, Z Christman, A Huffines.
2 L Cobb, P Huffines, Simeon Waggoner.
3 Joshua Boon, A Summers, Wm. Cobb.
4 Nicholas Albright, J Clapp, John Low.
5 Peter Fogleman, Levi May, H Shafner.
6 T Stafford, William Armick, Andrew Smith.
7 A Maxwell Wm. Green, John M Wright.
8 J C Rankin, J Pritchett, Elias Melvin
9 P Rankin, P Denny, James McLean.
10 T A Pritchett, W M Young, T C Gannon.
11 J W Gilmer, S W Phipps, Robert Shaw.
12 Ervin Hanner, C F Minnet, Paul Coble.
13 John W Parker, Spencer G Bevill, L Lewis.
14 D Wyrick, L McClintock, J Gilchrist.
15 John C Wharton, M Ward, T Buchanon.
16 Wesley Coe, H Sharp, Jesse B Homes.
17 John Hackett, M Ward, Gen Alexander.
18 C Dicks, David Macy, Milton Fentress.
19 Thos E Moore, A Tatum, John Pearson.
20 Obed McMichael, Wm Colston, Wm Ponton.
21 Daniel Albright, C White, Lem Smith.
22 E Armfield, Wm Patterson, John McNight.
23 Wm Hodson, James Davis, W L Kirkman.
24 W Kirkman, L Coltrain, Anderson Murphy.
25 Isaac Oaks, Robert Gourley, John Gourley.
26 Caleb Rayl, J Highfield, Thomas Wilson.
27 Uriah Macy, W M Cummins, C Smith.
28 Jefferson Jones, S C Sapp, T F Merrit.
29 Jesse Wheeler, J S Armfield, L S Reese.
30 R F Parson, B F Wiley, W C Davis.
31 N R Morgan, H J Pegram, J B Dwiggins.
32 S Donnell, Thos Benbow, A C Moore.
33 R Stanly, L Starbuck, Samuel Sechrist.
34 C J Wheeler, Elias Thornton, J A Davis.
35 P N Wheeler, W T Horney, E Rumley.
36 J S Hedgecock, W L English, J B Newton.
37 J A Hoskins, S A Powell, Levi Stephens.
38 James F Jollee, A Weatherly, C G Yates.
39 A Rankin, M Rankin, Noble Crier.
40 S Warren, John Harvey, John Wright.
41 Jesse Smith, T Dick, Dr. Jos A Mclean.
42 R M Stafford, T Trublood, J F McGrady.
43 Frederick Coble, S Sharp, Jacob Clapp.
44 W P Wharton, D Schooltield, W Hine.
45 J B Houston, D M Kirkman, L S Kirkman
46 J Coffin, Thomas Turner, O Anthony.
47 V R Hackett, V B Donnell, L Hackett.
48 John Russel, Wm Walker, H Kirkman.
49 D Foust, Joshua Clapp, J Foust.
50 J W Patterson, A A Wheeler, B Y Thornton.
51 Solomon Greason, J Clapp, T G Wharton.
52 J Blaylork, Stephen Hunt, B M Idol.
53 A Stanley, J H Johnson, L Holton.
54 J L Hayworth, Eli Hayworth, J Reynolds.
55 C V Hardin, C McCulloch, J F Kernutt.
56 J E Gamble, James Freeman, J N Millis.
57 A Armfield, George Kirkman, W Swigget.
58 I P Welborn, J Bodenhammer, J C Johnson.
59 J E Shaw, George Thompson Alfred Jones.
60 Henry Cobb, G W Wharton, A Mikel.
61 G Pegram, T Warren, William Anthony.
62 B F Parr, E N Kersey, John Ricks.
63 L Reynolds, L Coltrain, A C Murrow.
64 G W Charles, A Raper, E E Mendenhall.
65 Robert Thom, Frank Hughes, J Tarpley.
66 H Bundy, Henry C Lamb, Uriah Lamb.
67 B R Field, J Cobb, B Field.
68 A Curtis, E G Brothers, Joab Neese.
69 Peter Summer, T Underwood, J M Jones.
70 Meban Q Apple, A T Brown W Burch.
71 J A Houston, Dr. T J Patrick, H C Worth.
72 D Coble, Eli Ingold, William Hudson.
73 J Welch, John M Bolling, Wm Russell.
74 M B Weartherly, J Smith, J T Wright.
75 John F Holt, J McLee, Benton Tatum.
76 Wm A Paisley, R Steward, J Parsley.
77 Madison Brown, W Gooley, Reuben Jones.
78 Z Pritchett, John McCulloch, G H Parker.
79 M Harriss, S W Fulton, James Bains.

The several Committees are notified to return forthwith to the Chairman, the Registers in their hands.

NATHAN HIATT, *Chm'n.*
L. SWAIM, *Clerk.* 19:4w.

"THE DELTA!"

WHAT IS IT? WHERE IS IT?

The Cheapest Daily in the State.

Published at Newbern N. C.

THE 'DAILY DELTA' ONLY $5.

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IS PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED.

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Address, J. H. MUSE, *Proprietor,*

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!

I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts. per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	" "	"
3	"	"	17	" "	"
4	"	"	22	" "	"
5	"	"	27	" "	"
6	"	"	32	" "	"
7	"	"	38	" "	"
8	"	"	42	" "	"
10	"	"	60	" "	"
12	"	"	72	" "	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

PROSPECTUS OF THE

N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION

FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS

(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,.....$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page! And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I Invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second-handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.

J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent.*

NOTICE.—Having retired from the *Watch* and *Jewelry* Business in *Greensboro* N. C. on account of ill health; I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a *good workman*, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general.

(13-tf) E. F. POWELL.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Extract of a discourse for Children in Words of one Syllable.

BY REV. F. A. SOULE.

"He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." 1 John v, 12.

You must have faith in him as such. There are men in all lands who say he is not their God; and some of them show by their lives that they have no true faith in what his word says and his works prove. No one can doubt, who has a sane mind, but that he "made all things that are made:" and as he did it for no one else, they must be his. He that made, and he that owns all things is God—our Lord and our God. All his works are good and through the whole course of time they are to do good, and show forth his praise. He put all he made in the best form and place, and gave men, beasts, fowls, earth, and air, such laws as he saw fit, that they might bring to pass the end for which he made them. He put the sun on high to rule the day as its king. He gave the moon her place, so that she might draw light from him, and rule the night as his queen. He hung up the bright stars, as globe-lamps, in the clear blue sky. And now, by night and by day, as you lift your eyes from earth, you will see those bright worlds his hands have made to swing and roll in space. All these show forth his praise from age to age—to all men—in all climes. He spake, and our earth came forth—its hills rose high- its seas spread far and wide, and all things stood fast. From age to age the seas keep their bed, and roll their waves from shore to shore—the home of the seal, the yard of the whale, and the realm of the sea fowl. On its breast proud ships are borne, in which mad men fight, and sane ones trade, and get great wealth. In them are brought home the rich fruits, ores, and goods of lands far off. How great, how wise, and how good, thus to make, plan, and fix all his vast works, so as to show forth his own praise, and do good to all men! "He is our God," and "we are the sheep of his hand." Then have faith in him at all times.

The Jews would not put their trust in him, as the God they were to love and serve, while he dwelt in the flesh; so they cast out of their gates, and slew the "Prince of Life," "by whom and for whom are all things."

Do not say, as some have done, that St. John and St. Paul did the same things that Christ did when he was on earth; hence they can claim to be the "true God" as well as he. This view is false from first to last. Our Lord did all his great and good deeds in his own name, by his own strength and for his own sake. Hence, he but spake, and the deed was done. In this way he made wine, gave health to the sick, sight to the blind, strength to the weak, speech to the dumb, and life to the dead. Not in this way did St. John and St. Paul do their great works. Christ told them that he would be with them to the end of the world; and that they might do in his name such works as he had done in their sight. But they did none of these in their own names nor strength. Christ sent them forth as lambs through dens of wolves, and these they were to do in proof of the truths they taught, and of their right to teach them to all men. Hence Christ did all those great works for them, and through them; and no one else could have done them, for none but God the Son does such things How can we think it strange that those who knew him so well, and for whom he did such things, should call him their Lord and their God? Such faith you are to have in him, or not find those rich stores of grace and life you so much need.

As he is your God, you are to pray to him for such things as you want, you are to love him "with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your strength, and with all your mind." "This do, and thou shalt live." For "in him you live and move;" and he must dwell in your hearts as your hope of good things to come. Let him be in your thoughts at all times, and you will stand in awe of him, and sin not. You will seek him both morn and eve, and cleave to him in life's dark hours—when worn with grief and toil—when full of pain and fear. You will trust in him for the things of this life, and to fit you for that which is to come. Yea, more; you will strive to be like him, and to walk with him on earth, so that you may see him as he is, and reign with him on high.

Once more. You are to have the Son of God for your King.

He is the "King of kings, and Lord of lords." He sits on the throne of God most high. The crown is on his head—not that of thorns, which he once wore, but the crown of gold. The reins are in his hands, and all might and right are his on earth as well as on high. The Son of God is our King—he will save us from our sins, and from the wrath to come. "Our eyes shall see the King, the Lord of hosts." Let us all say from our hearts, "Just are thy ways, thou King of saints." Now just such a king you need, my young friends, to give you laws, and rule you. You are his to whom you yield your hearts, and whose will you do. None can doubt but that it is the right of the "King of saints" to reign in both worlds. If so, you should serve him all your days, give him your all, and keep back no one thing. Do it with a gladheart and a free mind; for

"He bids you come to him,
And, as in days long past, he spreads
His arms to take you in."

This done, you must learn his will.

This is to be your rule of life in all things, and at all times. To know this as you should, the book of truth is to be read much, with prayer. In this you will find the King's laws, all of which are pure, just, and good.—Give your minds to these things in the bright morn of youth, bind them to your heart with a strong cord of love and they will do you good all the days of your life.

The next thing for you to do is to serve him.

This is to be done with all your might, mind, and soul. You can in no wise serve two kings who are at war at all times. If you choose the Son of God for your King, and give up all to him, and learn his law, you must serve him, and no one else, all, all your days, and with all your strength. It is for your good to do it. His yoke will not chafe—his load will not tire you, for it is light. Then take up your cross, and do his will on earth, and it shall be well with you in life and in death.

If he is your King, you must fear him as such. He can and he will be just. Do his will and you are safe—sin and you must feel this wrath, for the "soul that sins shall die." You should so fear him, then, as to make you shun all sin, and do good of all kinds to all men, which his law binds us to do. Fear him as a good son fears his sire; and not as a bad man, when in crime, fears his king, or a poor slave the lash of him who drives him.

Next to this you are to trust him.

All he has said to you is true. No lie is of him. Hence you can trust his word; and you must do so if you live in peace with him. And he can do for you, in you, through you, by you, and with you, all his word of truth speaks of. He can do it, I say; hence you are to trust him for it. No one thing he has said "I will do" shall fail. It must come to pass. The soul that seeks him, when sick of sin and full of faith, shall find it so. The saints, in all their war with the world, with the pride of life, and the lusts of the flesh, have found this true. So has it been, and so must it be with good men, as well as bad, when they lie on the bed of death, or stand at the bar of the "Judge of quick and dead.

Now, if the Son of God be your King, and you yield to him as such, learn his law as the rule of your life, serve him with a good heart, fear him as a just Judge and King, and trust him as true in all he says, and sure to do all he makes known to man as his will, you may fix your hearts on these four truths:—

He will take from you all the guilt of sin. His friends are those who serve him. In such sin does not reign. Its love is gone, and they have peace with their God and King. The next truth is this—they shall lack no good the soul needs. His board is spread with "fat things;" "wines on the lees" are there, both pure and good, and all may eat and drink till they crave no more.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make he best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Cross reading in Verse.

ANNA MAY.

Honor and shame from no condition rise—
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date—
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes—
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate.

I see before me the gladiator lie—
In lowly dale, fast by a river's side—
And as he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by—
The big ha'-bible, once his father's pride.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'Tis something, nothing—
And looking on it with lack lustre eye—
For this hath science search'd on weary wing—
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow—
Because that I am more than common tall—
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low—
That Betty rather sees than hears the call.

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts—
A boast of the aged; lesson of the young—
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer—
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast—
With sounds that are a misery to hear—
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, a ghast.

I'VE NEVER KNOWN.—I have never known a poor man respected because he was poor.

I have never known a rich man, but what was respected for his riches.

I have never known a merchant to continue his conversation with a poor man when a rich man enters.

I have never known a white-handed, hairy-faced office seeker to be very conversant with a poor man after election.

I have never known anything too ridiculous to be followed.

I have never known a creed too absurd to find followers.

I have never known a political abolitionist to put a negro in his bed.

I have never known a man to be better than he should be.

I have never known a man to be happy who didn't pay his printer's bill.

'You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' 'Yes, I have been lately straightened by a circumstance.'

A negro, being asked if his master was a Christian, replied, 'No, sir, he's a member of Congress!'

Sentimental Youth—My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?'

Practical Gal—'How many acres is your lot?"

In some of the counties in Pennsylvania the Dutch have been voting all their lives for General Jackson. The information that Jackson is dead has just reached them, and they are all going against the Democratic candidates. The late losses of the Democracy in the Keystone State are thus accounted for.

A school-boy, on being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, Sir, I should like to have it done upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

A MODEL VERDICT.—Out in Calhoun county, Ill, a body with the head severed from the trunk found recently. A coroner's jury was empanelled, and rendered the following verdict:

"Korener's Verdick.—Wee, the jurors, finde the deseezed cum to deth by the Hands of sum Purson unnon with unlawful weeping named ax."

"Hallo, Ben!"

"Hallo, back again! What ye want?"

"How's yer folks this mornin?"

"Purty well. Mother's smart as usual—Jim and Tom well—an' father died last night.

"Yes; he kicked the bucket 'bout 12 o'clock, an' I've got his watch. Say, just going up to the prison to see cousin Joe hung, will ye go?"

An Irishman, says the Pittsburg Post, working on the canal, lately walked into the water, and coming across a large turtle, with head and legs extended, retreated under great excitement, helloing to his companion that he had found a box full of snakes.

Jacob Little, of New York, failed last week, probably for two millions dollars.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

From the Scientific American.

Tempering Steel Tools.

MESSRS EDITORS:—There are some facts in the hardening, tempering and heating of steel articles and tools that are not commonly known or attended to. All workers in steel are, very properly, more or less careful not to injure it by over-heating; but it may as certainly be deteriorated by a too long continued or a too-often repeated moderate heat. Good new steel, when broken, will exhibit an uneven splintered fracture, which indicates toughness. This quality, by a repetition of moderate heats without hammering, or a prolonged heat (as in annealing,) will, in a marked degree, disappear, and the steel is now without body—not brittle, but rotten.

I presume it is well known to machinists that a drill becomes worthless if several times hardened and tempered without forging. The effect can be seen in the discoloration of the grain, its appearance being muddy and dead, and lacking the peculiar gloss and splintered texture of tough steel. In the hardening and tempering of thin saws the influence of time, as well as temperature, is often forcibly illustrated. For example, handsaws will bear their teeth set at a given temper, but if (as sometimes happens) the saw is not sufficiently heated to harden when dipped in the bath, and it has to be re-heated, it will require to be drawn to a softer temper to admit of being set without breaking the teeth. The same pernicious effect occurs when the heat of the furnace is too low and requires extra time, and in a still greater degree if the saws are exposed to the flame of soft coal. It has been found that the toughness of the saw is in a direct ratio with the quickness of the heat and the clearness of the fire.

It is erroneously supposed by many persons that some sort of virtue is imparted to steel by being hardened in specific baths. With the exception of files and sheet-steel, clear water is the best hardening medium for about all kinds of tools. If the tool is of a slender form the water should be heated to about 100° Fah., to prevent warping. Forged tools have their surfaces brightened to remove the scale before heating; they will then harden at a low heat and more regularly, and, as a consequence, will not be so liable to warp. For sheet-steel or small delicate tools, a bath composed of 1 gallon of fish-oil and 1 lb. rosin, and made warm for use, is as good as or better than a more mysterious compound. It will strip off the scale of the steel and make it harden uniformly and moderately, which is all that is required. Steel hardened in this liquid is of about the same degree of temper, without drawing, as it would be if drawn to a deep straw color after dipping in water; and this should be allowed for accordingly in fixing the temper.

WM. CLEMSON.

[Our correspondent is a practical mechanic of great experience, who has personally hardened more than 500 tons o. steel during the past ten years. The deleterious effects of long continued low heat on steel, in tempering, so far as we now remember, has never before been presented through our colums. It is a practical fact of much importance, and was discovered by Mr. Clemson in a series of experiments undertaken to make the best quality of wood-saw. He thought that if he took more time than was ordinarily allowed in heating the steel, he would produce a superior temper; but instead of this being the case, saws made of the best steel, and submitted to long low heat, were not so good as those made of common steel—they would not set at so high a temper. A rod of ¾-inch steel, forged down to about 12 of the wire gage, is much stronger than steel wire of the same size; the several annealings to which the latter must be subjected greatly injures its strength.]

RICE CUPS.—Wash and pick your rice, boil it in milk and water, until tender, put it in a dish and braid it with a spoon, put in a lump of butter, sweeten to your taste, and nutmeg or rose-water may be added. Dip a tea-cup in cold water, and fill it with the rice, keep it in until it forms, and place a number of them around a pudding-dish. Make a soft custard and pour over them. Take the white of an egg, beat it with sugar until it froths, and drop a little on each cup.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Four ounces of butter worked into two pounds of wheat flour, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of baker's yeast, half a spoonful of salt, and warm milk enough to make a fine dough. It will rise, in a warm place, in two hours. Make into rolls an inch through, and as long as your finger, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Wet them with sweet milk five minutes before done.

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Secley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

BOOK-BINDER,
At the old STAR OFFICE, (*opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*)
RALEIGH, N. C.
☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—tf. *Raleigh*, N. C.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street,
RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF
Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.
JOHN DICKENSON, of Petersburg. } { ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK,
Having opened a **GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHING STORE,** will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentleman's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.
They also have the agency for the sale of **Bartholf's Sewing Machines,** one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia;
March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.
J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD. No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

JOHN A. PRITCHETT,
CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*)
Greensboro, N. C
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Pumps, Safes, Sewing Machines, &c.
Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, *by hand.*
Drawings and Prices sent free.
147 Chambers-street. N. Y.
Commission for Buying and Forwarding, two and a half per cent.
REFERENCES.
McPheeters Gheselin, John B. Odom, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.; Hons. W. A. Graham, S. W. Ellis, D. L. Swain, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Toler, Ala., &c., &c.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained, Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.